Volume LXXXIX No. 4 October 25, 1968 35 cents

commonweal

AN INTERVIEW WITH BORGES

Patricia Marx

John Simon

GRACE PALEY IS BACK

Ivan Gold

NEW YORK UNSCHOOLED

Maurice Berube

SILONE AND THE POPE

James Gaffney

Fall Book Issue

Roberts on McCarthy • Braybrooke on Golding • Mellow on Victorians • ten Kortenaar on Books in Rome • Wolman on our non-urban America

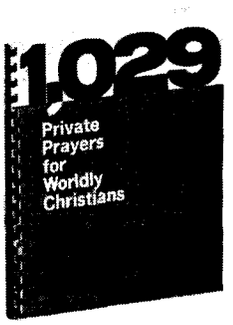
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books of enduring value

THE PROPHETS AND THE LAW
A Way Through the Old Testament: III
by Joseph Rhymer
The author of *The Beginnings of a People* and *The Covenant and the Kingdom* presents another fascinating study of the Old Testament. In a style that gives flesh and blood to the people and events of scripture, Rhymer examines the great prophets —Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah—and their significance in salvation history.
180 pages Now ready Cloth, $4.75

THE GOOD NEWS FOR CHILDREN
by René Berthier, illustrated by Napoli
Introduction by Rosemary Haughton, translation by Edmond Bonin.
An unusually beautiful picture book for children. Full color illustrations in the contemporary idiom show both the times of Christ and the world of children today. The text is brief. An outstanding gift book.
42 pages Now ready Stiff Paper, $3.95

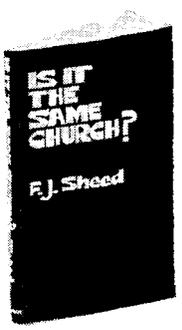
THE RESTLESS RELIGIOUS
by Robert Gleason, S.J.
One of the country's leading theologians shares the dialogues he has carried on with religious in conferences and workshops. He addresses himself to specific problem areas such as freedom and authority, the person and the group, personal love and friendship, poverty and mental health. An important book for all religious, with special interest to those in authority.
250 pages October 30 Cloth, $5.95



1029 PRIVATE PRAYERS FOR WORLDLY CHRISTIANS
by Gerard A. Pottebaum and Joyce Winkel
A unique "split-level" book of meditations. Pages divided into three sections contain biblical prayers, photographs and advertising slogans. The reader combines the three parts in ways that are most meaningful or thought-provoking to him. There are 1029 possible permutations. A selection of the Thomas More Book Club. Spiralbound and slipcased.
64 pages Now ready Cloth, $5.95

THE SPIRIT AND ORIGINS OF AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM
A Source Book in Its Creeds
by Rev. John A. Hardon, S.J.
A definitive reference work for Protestants as well as Catholics who realize that they must understand traditions other than their own. Assembles the documents, both historical and contemporary, that speak out with the basic teachings of the Protestant denominations, with comparatively brief commentaries which explain the significance of each document and place it in its historical perspective. An indispensable reference work for the student of ecumenism.
550 pages Now ready Cloth, $9.75

THE SHARING COMMUNITY
Parish Councils and Their Meaning
by David P. O'Neill
A guidebook for establishing or furthering a parish council. Father O'Neill is concerned with the parish now, with all the tensions and difficulties that make the concept of the parish council a problem area. He gives a positive and specific plan of action which could be adapted by any mature group to meet the special needs of their own parish. An invaluable handbook for all those interested in parish life today.
100 pages Now ready Paper, $1.50



IS IT THE SAME CHURCH?
by Frank J. Sheed
The book of a world-famous layman who has lived and thought his way through one of the fastest changing epochs of the Roman Catholic church. In clear, vigorous style, Frank Sheed discusses the Church's changing attitudes toward the liturgy, contraception, ecumenism, authority and morals, and restates some principles that tend to be overlooked. The question he poses at the beginning, and around which he summarizes the work is, "Is the present era of change a sunrise or sunset in the life of the Church?"
232 pages Now ready Paper, $1.75

AT YOUR BOOKSTORE **PFLAUM PRESS** 38 WEST FIFTH STREET DAYTON, OHIO 45402

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Passage

You Can't Kill the Dream
Photojournalist Bruce Roberts joins writer-priest Malcolm Boyd and newsman Eric Sevareid in this graphic study of what has happened to the American dream of justice, freedom, and equality these past eight years. With over 70 pictures by 23 top news photographers, this could be the photo book of the year. Paper, $2.45

The Religion Business
Alfred Balk focuses on the astounding affluence of American organized religion and its implications for the nation's tax structure and for the long-term vigor of the churches. If you pay taxes, you should know about the religion business—all 79.5 billion dollars worth! $3.00

Methuselah
Life on Tigris Terrace just before the flood had its own generation gap. But Methuselah didn't let his 900 years keep him from telling it like it is—and like it ought to be. A collection of 30 fantasies by Kenneth J. Foreman; line drawings by Doyle Robinson. Paper, $1.95

Prayers from an Island
Richard Wong, a Christian minister of Chinese ancestry, composed these 314 prayers for J. Akuhead Pupule, a Brooklyn-born Jewish disc jockey. Aku uses them on his daily radio program over KGMB, Honolulu. $3.00

Joe Doakes' Great Quest
In a cartoon sequence, F. O. Alexander satirizes human frailties through the experiences of everyman. Joe Doakes meets contemporary problems of cynicism, apathy, materialism, and bigotry—and even wrestles with a dragon along the way. Paper, $1.95

The Unbroken Vigil
Reflections on Intensive Care
Dosia Carlson's vivid account of her physical, psychological, and spiritual reactions to the Intensive Care Unit of a major hospital is based on her three admissions to an ICU. $3.00

Buried Alive
Paul Johnson candidly describes the centuries-old wall between pastor and people. Drawing on biblical insights and parish experiences, he shows how the church can be revitalized. Coming November 18. $5.00

Secularization and the University
Harry E. Smith applies Gogarten's and Bonhoeffer's ideas on secularization to the campus. In his Foreword, Harvey Cox calls the book "indispensable for those who want to know what the best contemporary theology contributes to the best current thinking about the university." Coming December 2. Paper, $2.95

Sōka Gakkai
Japan's Militant Buddhists
With Japan the key to U.S.-Far East relations, Noah S. Brannen's study of Japan's militant Buddhists (the third largest political force there) is a book to be reckoned with. Coming December 30. $5.50

Order from your favorite bookstore.

John Knox

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Supreme Court's one-sentence dismissal of the challenges of several groups of reservists to the legality of their call-up smacks of contemptuousness. For constitutional reasons, and reasons of domestic relations, the challenges merited the decency of a hearing.

To begin with, the reservists' challenges deserved study because of the retroactive nature of the 1966 National Defense Act; that act rendered thousands of reservists liable for service not included under the law under which they signed up. Then there was the matter of the exercise of Presidential power, and the questionable delegation to the President by Congress of an authority specifically invested in Congress by the Constitution: the raising of an army.

Very substantial questions these, but not with a Johnson Court, obviously. Only Justice Douglas emerges from the events with his juridical openness untarnished.

So, for all practical purposes, the issue is settled—for the time being, at least. A pity, really. Unresolved are constitutional questions of great moment. And down the drain is the possibility of the Supreme Court shedding any light on what Congressman Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania labels the "outrageous sham" of the activation of the reservists.

But there may be another development to expose the "sham"; there should be. For the evidence grows stronger that last winter's call-ups had less to do with an emergency over the Pueblo or the Tet debacle than with a desire (a) to intimidate the North Koreans, (b) to reassure Seoul and Saigon, and (c) to meet routine manpower needs in other military areas. In other words, the developments in the Far East provided the "excuse" (Schweiker's word) to rattle sabres, to placate allies and to ease some minor problems of the military. There was no emergency.

The Navy Department's decision to release some 600 Air reservists in six squadrons by Nov. 1, and the Pentagon's announcement that it will deactivate by June 30 all 16,000 Air National Guardsmen and reservists mobilized after the Pueblo incident lend weight to charges that political rather than military judgments dictated last winter's mobilizations.

In any case, the mobilizations were, by and large, a burlesque. Schweiker helped document that fact when he made public the experience of Naval Air Reserve unit VF-931, a fighter squadron from Willow Grove, Pa. After being activated, VF-931 sat around for four months awaiting deployment, with neither practice aircraft nor operational duties. Finally, the unit was directed, not to the Far East, but to the Mediterranean. Schweiker protested and the Navy ordered the unit's release.

Likewise, Boston area reservists found themselves at Fort Meade with nothing to do "but sit and smoke and throw rocks," and Rhode Island reservists at Fort Devens were in the fifth week of an eight-week training program before being assigned technical assistance essential for their training.

And the readiness of the 513th Maintenance Battalion was so much in question several months after its activation, that on Oct. 8 Senator Edward Kennedy asked Army Secretary Stanley R. Restor to postpone its transfer to Vietnam pending an investigation of the battalion's combat preparedness.

Many attribute cynicism and lack of dedication to the reservists for entering their legal challenges and congressional complaints. But when rights will not be given a hearing, when some reservists go months without duties or equipment, when others are deployed as convenient replacements in areas totally removed from the action which allegedly made urgent their mobilization—well, what else to expect?

•

By now most everyone who cares will have had his shot at the U.S. bishops for squeezing the broadcasting division of the National Council of Catholic Men out of business, and bringing, as of Jan. 1, radio and TV network programming of Catholic religious themes under the control of their new episcopal conference.

Not that it was ever totally removed, mind you. The National Council of Catholic Men, though it enjoyed an autonomy and though its broadcasting department was in New York, has never been so autonomous nor so distant that it always escaped officialdom's pressures, particularly in recent years. Recall the bishops' 1965 suppression of the TV series on birth control and, just last month, the cancellation of the proposed radio series on the new morality.

But that, in its oblique way, is the point: though there was control, there still existed the freedom which allowed the NCCM broadcasting department to move into adventurous areas where it became necessary to exert controls publicly. Which indicates that there was a latitude of freedom—of sorts, anyway.

It is doubtful that there will be much of that any more. Media programming is being transferred to the U.S. Bishops Conference bureau known as the National Catholic Office of Radio and Television. NCORT can be counted on to run a tight ship. In the future, as with its recent show, "The New American Catholic," an adventurous program will be one that draws a complaint from Cardinal McIntyre. Fine protestation that.

So deplore developments. Be irritated with the bishops for being timid about open discussion and, therefore, for not sticking with the NCCM broadcasting department. Lament, also, the NCCM broadcasting department its fate. But lament for the NCCM people in New York, not for the NCCM leadership in Washington. By never taking a strong stand on the issue of broadcasting freedom, the NCCM leadership (with a few notable exceptions, which, unfortunately, do not include NCCM chief Martin Work) let down its colleagues in New York and that element of the laity which invested with it the trust of honesty in communications. JOHN DEEDY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Bombing Halt

Upper Montclair, N.J.

To the Editors: May I suggest a footnote to your editorial: "The Bombing Halt" in your issue of September 27 . . . Perhaps it might be well to consider what a man, exceptionally well-informed about Vietnam and Ho Chi-Minh, has said on this subject.

In the summer of 1966, President de Gaulle sent Jean Sainteny to Hanoi to talk with the leaders there and report his findings. M. Sainteny had certain special qualifications for this task. He had entered North Vietnam at the end of the second World War. Shortly thereafter, he was appointed High Commissioner to Tonkin, the northern part of Vietnam. This brought him into intimate contact with Ho Chi Minh. M. Sainteny is no Communist but he came to have respect for, and to be respected by, Ho Chi Minh. Together, they drafted an agreement providing for the future status of Vietnam as an independent country but still a part of the proposed French Union. If this agreement had been ratified by the French Chamber of Deputies, the bloody struggle which has been going on most of the time since 1946 probably never would have started. M. Sainteny recounts this experience in his book, *Histoire d'une paix manquée*, which, unfortunately, has never been translated into English.

After reporting to President de Gaulle after his visit to North Vietnam, M. Sainteny was interviewed by an editor of *Realités*, a distinguished French magazine. That interview was reported in the December, 1966, issue in the French edition. A question and answer from this interview follow: (the translation is mine):

"On what does the success of negotiations (with the U. S. Government) depend?"

"Above all, on reciprocal confidence in the good faith of the adversary and that, it must be said, is far from

(Continued on page 133)

NEWS & VIEWS: 100 **CORRESPONDENCE: 101**
EDITORIALS: 101
THE CASE FOR MAKING A CHOICE: *Steven V. Roberts* **102**
UNSCHOOLING NEW YORK'S CHILDREN: *Maurice R. Berube* **103**
WHO SAID AMERICA IS AN URBAN NATION? *Harold Wolman* **104**
ITALIAN BISHOPS, ETC., ETC.: *Henry ten Kortenaar* **106**
JORGE LUIS BORGES: *Patricia Marx and John Simon* **107**
ON HAVING GRACE PALEY ONCE MORE AMONG US: *Ivan Gold* **111**
SILONE AND THE POPE: *James Gaffney* **112**
THE RETURN OF PINCHER MARTIN: *Neville Braybrooke* **115**
THE STAGE: *Gerald Weales* **120** ***THE SCREEN:*** *Philip T. Hartung* **122**
BOOKS: 123

Cover photo and page 170 photo by Gilda Kuhlman, Courtesy of New Directions

JAMES O'GARA: *Editor*
JOHN DEEDY: *Managing Editor*
PETER STEINFELS: *Associate Editor*
ANNE ROBERTSON: *Editorial Assistant* JONATHAN EISEN: *Editorial Assistant*
MICHAEL NOVAK: *Associate Editor (At Large)* WILFRID SHEED: *Books*
GERALD WEALES: *Drama* PHILIP T. HARTUNG: *Movies* JOHN FANDEL: *Poetry*
ROBERT BARRAT: *Paris* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN: *Rome* J. M. CAMERON: *Great Britain*

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Publisher*
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $10 a year. Foreign $12. Single copies 35¢.

STEP TOWARD MATURITY

The Motion Picture Association's inauguration of a movie classification system that would bar some films to children under 16 and establish a maturity guide on others is allegedly not a politic gesture. But it certainly is strategic. The nation is moving dangerously close to an era of restraints in communications fields generally, and it was only a question of time before the movie industry, if it did not act itself, would begin to feel the squeeze of "duly constituted authority."

Pressures for restraints have been building ominously on all communications media. Representative Rooney of New York protested in Congress last July against ethnic jokes on radio and TV; the Democratic National Convention dropped only at the last minute specific platform condemnation of the TV medium for depicting violence in entertainment; a new Post Office regulation allows individuals virtual police power over the delivery of unsolicited mail; public officials sit in judgment on news gatherers; Richard Nixon promises tough anti-obscenity laws. When clamor exists on levels such as these, there is good cause to worry about repressions.

Films, an old and favorite target of vigilantes, have been spared these latest skirmishes, but, of course, they have been enjoying only a momentary reprieve. The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures provided evidence that films do not form any new exempt category from those who would censor, when, in one grand swoop, it condemned five movies a few weeks ago. If the movie classification system accomplishes nothing else, it disarms, for the moment at least, those who would saddle it with new impositions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All of which is not to suggest that there should be no restraints, no guidelines at work in the movie industry. Quite the contrary. There should be guidelines, and the most attractive feature of the new code is that it establishes a crucial one in distinguishing between adult and juvenile audiences. By the same token, there should be restraints, but the restraints should be minimal and, ideally, they should originate within the industry itself. The new movie classification plan is unlikely to encourage restraints; in a sense, it frees the industry to be even more daring than it has been in the past. But this is no reason to be fearful of that fact. The classification system allays concern relating to youth; the rest can act out of their maturity and sophistication.

The Case for Making a Choice

We were sitting in the ballroom of the New York Hilton on Oct. 8, chewing soggy roast beef and waiting for Senator Eugene McCarthy to break his self-imposed silence on politics. One of McCarthy's brightest young campaign aides bounced into the room talking:

"I've been thinking a lot lately about why we lost. I've been wondering whether we could have won, whether we really blew it. A few minutes ago I was walking along 55th Street and passed a bookstore. Inside, over in the poetry corner, was McCarthy. He was all alone and he had five books out and was thumbing through them. I went over and we talked for a few minutes, but all he wanted to talk about was baseball. Then it all came back, I remembered why we lost."

About 30 minutes later, McCarthy made his entrance into the ballroom amidst thunderous cheers and gave his speech. Dissent, he said, is just as valid today as it was a year ago. Before Vice President Humphrey would receive his blessing he would have to promise three things: to accept a "new government" in Saigon, to change the draft law in order to take into account acts of individual conscience, and to reform the structure of the Democratic Party so there would be "no more Chicagos."

The whole incident raises the question: is McCarthy the man to be listened to at this point in this year? The bookstore encounter makes clear again that McCarthy is not very interested in politics and was probably not very eager to become President. He even said in his speech that he had never really sought the job. (He did not at first, but between New Hampshire and California he certainly displayed a heady case of presidential virus. By Chicago he knew the game was over.) In other words, McCarthy has always been essentially a critic, more interested in issues than personalities. It is rather easy for him to say we must continue to present certain policies and ignore the people who are contending for the Presidency. But is that a luxury we can afford? I am not sure McCarthy is wrong, and I have only questions, no answers. But they are questions, I think, that need asking.

There are obviously good reasons for listening to McCarthy. Hubert Humphrey has run what could charitably be called a disastrous campaign. Starting with his decision to fight the minority Vietnam plank in Chicago, he has consistently failed to move outside of the ominous shadow of the Johnson Administration. Perhaps he was doomed. Perhaps the blight that covers all members of that unhappy crew is ineradicable, and the public would have thrown the rascals out no matter what Humphrey did. But at least he could have tried to assert his independence, instead of whining about how he would be "his own man" when he was "captain of the team." His failure raises questions about his capacity to be President —a capacity widely taken for granted until recently. Moreover, the history of the last year proves that policies can be influenced by public pressure. The McCarthyites have already made the war intolerable, and there are many other issues that require their attention.

McCarthy and his followers have decided that influencing policy is the most moral position one can take. Don't make the messy choice of a candidate, they say, just keep saying the war is evil and national priorities are out of whack. But is it any less moral to choose which of the available men would be best suited to promote the policies one considers right?

There are many arguments against picking one of the three candidates and voting for him. Some say there is no difference (a position that is usually accompanied by considerable clucking over the inherent venality of the power structure). I do not think that line of reasoning holds up. If you don't see any differences you aren't looking. And since one is left to choose among three men —that is, we have a relative, not an absolute choice— even small differences are worth using as a basis for choice.

Others argue that they would somehow be morally tainted if they voted for someone with whom they had major quarrels. Is it more moral to make a decision on the basis of whatever meaningful differences one can discern, or to leave the choice to the gathering forces of reaction? I voted for Lyndon Johnson and I have been outraged at his betrayal of trust. But I do not feel morally reprehensible for having done it.

There are two better arguments. The first is that if the liberals cave in this time and vote for Humphrey, the party pros will know that they will always fall into line and do not have to be considered. But it could not have been clearer in Chicago that Humphrey was a loser and that the McCarthyites were resisting reconciliation. And the pros went ahead and nominated Humphrey anyway. The McCarthy votes came not from regulars who were worried about retribution by the progressive forces,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but from progressives who had taken over the party structure. The threat of retaliation had minimal impact on the nominating process compared with the effect of long months of hard work at the local level.

This leads into another, and stronger, argument: that the Democratic Party would be easier to take over if it suffers a crushing defeat this year. It is certainly true, for example, that a victorious Humphrey would probably be around for eight years. And the local clubhouses would be strengthened by an infusion of federal patronage. But here again, most recent evidence indicates that the argument is faulty. No party could have suffered a more thorough trouncing than the Republicans did in 1964. But who then took control of the party machinery? Not Nelson Rockefeller and William Scranton, but Richard Nixon and Strom Thurmond. Liberal Dems in Texas and California decided it was better to lose and then take over. But the result was the election of John Tower in Texas and Ronald Reagan and George Murphy in California. They are still in office—and the liberals have not taken over those state Democratic parties.

It is an infuriating prospect to vote for a man, like Humphrey, who has proved so inadequate by any absolute standard. It is doubly infuriating to realize that the alternatives represent an even darker side of the national character. But that is the choice, a choice that will help shape the quality of our lives for the next four years. I am not sure I have convinced myself of anything, except, perhaps, for two points. One has to force oneself to choose, and then vote. And if one truly cares about making the choice better next time, neither moral posturing nor vague threats of retribution are any substitute for the grubby organizing work that will be much harder when the demon Johnson and his war pass from the scene. STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is a reporter for the New York Times.*)*

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

The Unschooling Of New York's Children

New York City's teacher strike may prove to be a watershed in the black struggle over control of urban schools. The strike reflected the fear of leaders of the United Federation of Teachers, the most vigorous opponent of community control, that school decentralization is inevitable.

Last spring few would have thought so. New York's State Legislature, under UFT pressure, discarded the Bundy and Regents' plans for decentralization. Instead, the legislature empowered a hostile city school board to try its hand at devising a decentralization scheme for consideration at the spring session. Careful not to humiliate fellow Republican Mayor John Lindsay, sponsor of the strong plans, the legislature permitted the Mayor to increase the city board from nine to 13 members. Despite this token gesture, the odds were heavily against a repeat performance of last spring's bitter school decentralization battle.

But by summer's end all had changed. After Miami, Mayor Lindsay was no longer worried over jeopardizing a national reputation for keeping the racial peace. The Mayor let it be known through an exclusive interview on the front page of the *New York Times* that he considered community control of the schools to be the "No. 1 tension in our poor neighborhoods" and the first order of business this year.

It took the unexpected to give the Mayor his chance to make good on his new determination. Two key resignations tipped the balance of control of the city school board to the Lindsay forces. When Board of Education President Alfred Giardino, an implacable foe of decentralization, quit in despair and disgust, the anti-decentralization forces of the "old" board were left with a mere one vote advantage (one "old" board member joined the Lindsay camp). The turning point came when Clarence Senior, finding it difficult to honor his board commitments, surprised everyone by resigning. The Lindsay people were now in command.

They wasted little time in giving a preview of what may come. Early in September, the "new" board transferred sweeping powers, in an "interim" plan, to the 30 existent local school boards and to the three experimental "decentralized" boards. Each local board would possess powers over personnel, budget and curriculum—pending approval of the "interim" plan by the state Regents. Except for the fact that the 30 local boards had been previously appointed (in the three experiments, however, parents had elected governing boards), New York City's schools were decentralized and under community control. No doubt this "interim" plan will furnish the basis for the draft to be submitted in mid-December. School decentralization emerges once again as a live option for improving the education of the urban black poor.

And once again the teacher's union, reading the handwriting on the wall, took drastic action. The UFT struck all city schools over the transfer of 10 teachers (originally 19, but one case was dropped and the other eight decided not to press the matter) from the experimental Ocean-Hill Brownsville district last May and some 300 sympathetic strikers. It was a bold gamble that stood the teacher's union the chance of making major contract gains in a non-bargaining year, while thwarting school decentralization.

Technically, the union had no clear cut case of due process. Under Board of Education by-laws, administrative involuntary transfers are proper and are commonplace; nor did the UFT contract cover involuntary transfers. However, one could overlook the letter of the law

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the spirit of giving the teachers the benefit of the doubt. Certainly, if there was no protective clause *there should have been.* And the UFT, mindful of its past negligence in this respect, was anxious to obtain such a clause, now that the prospects for school decentralization were improved.

The union nearly gained all of its objectives. After a short two days, the UFT negotiated a settlement, without the Ocean-Hill Brownsville Governing Board, that returned the teachers, and gave the union the contract guarantee it lacked. All cases of involuntary transfers were to be submitted to arbitration; furthermore, the union was to have an agency shop (a condition whereby non-union members pay a service charge to the bargaining unit whose benefits it enjoys but does not support through membership fees).

The Ocean-Hill Brownsville Governing Board, having raised the issue of the self-determination of the experimental boards, stood fast, but did not "prevent" the return of the teachers. However, after community activists bitterly protested the teacher's return, the UFT went back on strike and frittered away its hard won gains. Three weeks later the teachers returned, still officially resisted by the local governing board, which felt its integrity violated should it rescind its order transferring the teachers.

The union strategy backfired. Not only did the union fail to extend job protection but the UFT inadvertantly provided the three experimental districts with an opportunity to prove themselves. While the rest of the schools were shut down, the ghetto schools in the three districts functioned smoothly for the first time. It is doubtful whether the teachers' union can long maintain its unrivalled power in school affairs. The black ghettos that kept open its public schools successfully challenged that power.

The strike raises some hard questions. Can the gulf separating teachers and parents, whites and blacks, be bridged? If the strike was any indication, the answer may not be hopeful. Clearly, the strike accelerated and crystallized problems to be anticipated later under a decen-

Who Said America Is an Urban Nation?

Efforts to explain why Congress fiddles while the nation's cities burn have not been notably successful, despite the vigor and assuredness with which they are offered. That they have failed as useful analyses is undoubtedly due to the inability of most commentators to penetrate a great myth which has been fostered upon the American public by a generation of eager social scientists. The myth is that America is an urban nation. The fact is that America is still, although by an increasingly small margin, a country dominated by small cities, small towns and rural areas. Once this is understood, the realities of American politics begin to make some sense.

But can one seriously question that America is an urban nation—a statement which has by now reached the level of a social science cliché? After all, did not the 1960 Census show that nearly 70% of all Americans lived in urban areas? Unfortunately, that eye-popping figure of 70% is based on a definition of urban which comes right out of the late 1700's when anything not rural was considered urban. The Census Bureau incredibly enough still defines any incorporated place of more than 2500 inhabitants as urban! Surely this is not what the average American thinks of when he speaks of an urban society.

What is needed is clearly a definition of urban with political relevance, a definition which will be able to distinguish, in broad terms, people with similar interests and concerns based on the type of area they reside in. Specifically, it is necessary to know what percentage of the American population resides in central cities and thus has a direct stake in attempts to meet the problems of the central cities.

Fortunately, such information is readily available. The Census Bureau itself collects, but does not distribute widely, information on "urbanized areas." These are defined as cities with populations of at least 50,000 inhabitants and their surrounding suburbs, which are called urbanized fringes.

What happens to "urban America" when this definition is used is quite a shocker to those who believe that statistics do not mislead. As of 1960, only 32.3% of the American population lived in cities of 50,000 or more; another 21.2% lived in the suburbs of these cities (the urban fringe). *Nearly half of the American population (46.5%) resided in areas the Census Bureau classified as small town or rural!*

This information has staggering implications for understanding American politics. It now becomes clear that Congress, when it ignores pressing urban problems, is not, by some paradox, refusing to deal with the concerns of the great body of urbanized

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tralized system. How can black parents remove teachers who are detrimental to their children's well-being? How can teachers be assured of job security?

Recent research, along with the first hand testimony of such former teachers as Jonathan Kozol and Herbert Kohl, attests to the widespread and deleterious effects of self-fulfilling prophecies of middle-class teachers. Too many teachers expect poor, black students to fail, and their expectations influence the performance of the children so that they do fail. It is this low opinion teachers have of black children that infuriates ghetto parents. They feel that bad teaching can be corrected much easier than the more nebulous effects of poverty. And when one considers that only 12 teachers out of a staff of 60,000 were dismissed in the last five years in New York schools, one can understand the anxiety of ghetto parents for community control.

The conflict in New York has national implication. Already, urban school decentralization movements have begun in various states, notably New Jersey and Michigan.

And the parent body of the UFT, the American Federation of Teachers, finds itself racially split over school decentralization. In pitting itself against the desires of the black community for self-determination the UFT alienated all of its black leaders who supported the Ocean-Hill Governing Board rather than their union. In contrast, the Washington teacher's union, predominantly black, endorses community control.

But the AFT, at last summer's convention, elected a former UFT organizer, David Selden, as its president, on a platform disavowing community control and merely advocating "increased parent participation" in the schools. Selden's opponent was a black caucus candidate for strong school decentralization. This is a precarious policy for a union whose strength is in the heavily black urban areas of the nation.

The teacher's union is fighting a desperate, last ditch battle that may destroy it. MAURICE R. BERUBE

(Maurice R. Berube is a Staff Associate, Institute for Community Studies.)

Americans whom they supposedly represent. Rather Congress (particularly the House which has proven the major stumbling block) is, on the whole, being quite representative of the American people.

Most Congressmen represent areas which either do not suffer from urban problems or do not perceive that these problems exist even if they do. According to data compiled by Henry Bain of the Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, only 115, 26.5% of the 435 Congressional districts, have a majority of residents who by the 1960 census lived in central cities, where the Negro has become an articulate force. Another 97, or 22.2%, have a majority of residents who live in urbanized areas (central cities *plus* suburbs) but do not have a majority of their population in the area's central city. A clear majority of the Congressional districts, 223 (51.3%) are primarily small town or rural in which television provides most of the experience so far as inner-city problems and disorders are concerned. The typical response in these areas to what they hear and see on the media is that skulls ought to be cracked if that is what it takes to restore law and order. This response comprises the extent to which Congressmen from these areas perceive "urban problems" as problems of political relevance to them. For the majority of Congressmen, as for the majority of Americans, there is no particular urgency about the urban problem.

The above discussion not only helps explain why Congress has not acted, but also indicates under what circumstances it may respond constructively to the "urban crisis."

Given the nature of Congress, it appears likely that any major effort to aid the city (and in particular to aid the Negro poor) will fail miserably unless it can be justified in terms of traditional American small-town and rural values. Primary among these values is the American version of the Protestant ethic—thou shall not receive rewards for which thou has not toiled. The violation of this ethic accounts for the lingering opposition to (or grudging acceptance of) so many of the New Deal and post-New Deal welfare programs. If any program of aid to the urban Negro is to appeal to the American people—and thus in turn to Congress—it must be couched in the language of this American verity.

Thus, for example, guaranteed employment would seem to be a promising approach. Indeed, this intuitive prediction is borne out by a Gallup poll of June 15, 1968 which reports that the American public rejects by 58-36% a proposal for guaranteed income, but accepts by the emphatic margin of 78%-18% a proposal to guarantee enough work so that each family with an employable wage-earner has a job with at least a poverty-level income. Such a proposal, if implemented, would go a long way towards establishing an effective income maintenance program in this country. What makes it acceptable to the American public, however, is not the substance of the program, but the Protestant ethic values it invokes. In politics, unlike architecture, function follows form. HAROLD WOLMAN

(Harold Wolman is a member of the faculty at the University of Pennsylvania.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian Bishops, Ivan Illich, Dutch Catechism, Etc., Etc.

Arnaldo Mondadori, chief of Italy's biggest publishing house, has found that there is money in religion. His series, *Documenti Nuovi* (New Documents), essays sponsored by IDOC, the Roman Center of Information and Documentation on the Conciliar Church, are not easy reading, but they have been selling like hotcakes. Several editions have had to be printed to keep up with the demand.

These volumes treat questions that are not, as a rule, openly discussed in the Italian Church: the death of God, myth and man, Catholicism and freedom, the vanishing clergy. Do people buy them only out of "unwholesome curiosity" (as some clerical observers suggest), or because they are interested in the same problems that are bothering Catholics elsewhere in the world? Many signs point to the latter, suggesting that Italian Catholics are not as docile or unquestioning as one might deduce from the official remarks of their leaders.

For example, Msgr. Ivan Illich's famous article on "The Vanishing Clergy" was published in the Catholic magazine *Questitalia* long before Mondadori printed it in the IDOC volume *"C'e un domani per il prete?"* (Is There a Tomorrow for the Priest?). *L'Europeo*, a popular weekly, had a series of articles on celibacy, consisting mainly of interviews and letters from Italian priests, much in the same vein as similar publications in other countries. So-called "spontaneous groups" of Catholics have sprung up all over Italy, and their members passionately discuss the Church, its leaders, laws and doctrines, and its politics (a touchy subject in Italy, with its long tradition of Church influence on local and national affairs).

Similar developments abroad have been received by the Italian press with near hysteria. Papers that never showed any interest in the Church, or were even, in the true Italian tradition, mildly anti-clerical, have now set themselves up as defenders of the true faith. The press seldom refers to progressive Italian Catholics, however, as if they will disappear if shrouded in a "conspiracy of silence."

The Italian press almost exclusively attacks "foreign rebels," especially the Dutch, who are generally regarded as the most dangerous of all (Holland is to these papers what Czechoslavakia is to the *Pravda*—"heretics"). The Dutch Catechism is considered a compendium of all that is evil in the progressive revolution, and when Mondadori published a "Dossier on the Dutch Catechism," all hell broke loose. Although few had read the Catechism itself, its authors were judged from the contents of the dossier to be "arrogant," "hypocritical" and "stupid."

In fact, the dossier makes excellent background reading for those who are familiar with the Catechism. It contains various documents previously accessible only in Dutch, such as pastoral letters of the Dutch bishops, their answer to Ottaviani's questionnaire, etc., as well as hitherto unpublished and even secret works, such as the final report on the meeting between Dutch and Roman theologians at Gazzada in April 1967. One of the most interesting things one learns from the dossier is that the Dutch bishops only indirectly heard of the existence of a cardinals' commission named by the Pope to judge their catechism. They received the news from the press, when Bishop Schäufele of Freiburg remarked that he had been ordered to withhold his *imprimatur*, because the Catechism was *sub judice* in Rome.

To the Italians, who had been hearing about the Catechism for years, but had not been able to read it, the dossier seemed the next best thing. The first, large, edition sold out in a week and an immediate reprint was necessary. This, and the fact that *Questitalia* had started a publication of extracts from the Catechism itself, alarmed the Italian bishops.

Still, in keeping with the official attitude that "all is quiet on the homefront," the bishops did not make a public statement. Cardinal Urbani of Venice, president of the Italian Bishops' Conference, sent a "reserved" letter to his colleagues, in which he deplored the indiscretion committed by Mondadori and by the "well-known agency" IDOC, and invited his fellow-bishops to warn their priests and to defend their faithful from the negative effects of the "inopportune publication."

The most intriguing part of the letter (made public by the Rome weekly *Lo Specchio*, which at the same time sanctimoniously denounced Mondadori for publishing secret documents) is directed to those bishops who have publishing houses in their dioceses. They are told to "keep a vigilant watch that no translations of the Dutch Catechism be made" in Italy.

Thus, the battle is on, even in Italy. Catholics—those who are still interested in the Church—are no longer content to sit back and wait for something to happen. Bishops—at least the majority—are equally determined to keep things as they are. There are signs, however, that the debate will soon come into the open. Meanwhile, publishers will have to beware of episcopal spies.

HENRY TEN KORTENAAR

(Henry ten Kortenaar is a free-lance writer living in Rome.)

TWO APPEALS: Mother M. Elisabeth, Ursuline Convent, P.O. Gumla, Ranchi Dt., Bihar, India needs funds for a multi-purpose ambulance for visiting the villages, transporting supplies and bringing in the sick poor. Father Manthara appeals from a famine area in South India for funds for a home for the abandoned and destitute aged he is trying to feed—address: Secretary, St. Jude Club, 1022 E. 84th Terrace, Kansas City, Mo. 64131.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JORGE LUIS BORGES

AN INTERVIEW

Often considered the greatest living writer of Spanish prose, Jorge Luis Borges was born in 1899 in Buenos Aires. In reviewing a volume of Borges' "fictions within fictions" in the September 29, 1967 *Commonweal,* Ronald Christ called the term *"Borgesian,"* like *Kafkaesque,* "indispensable for the specification and clarification of our awareness." In 1961, Borges shared the International Publishers Prize with Samuel Beckett. Several collections of his stories and poems have been translated into English: *Labyrinths, Ficciones, Other Inquisitions, Dream Tigers, A Personal Anthology.* Mr. Borges was interviewed by Patricia Marx, weekly interviewer for WNYC, and John Simon, drama critic for *New York Magazine.*

Mr. Borges, you recently spent quite some time visiting Harvard University as the Charles Eliot Norton Professor of Poetry. I wonder what your impressions were of students there.

Borges: I found the students very keen. One of of them wrote a parody of my stuff, and I was introduced as one of the characters. He also gave me some fine lines of verse. For example this one—I wish I had written it, and anybody would say the same—it's a pity it wasn't written in the 17th or maybe in the 18th century: "So chaste was she that lilies were her roses."

You began writing as a poet and essayist, and it was not until after a serious illness that you started writing stories. Do you value one form of writing more than another?

Borges: Well, I suppose that they're all essentially the same. In fact, I hardly know what I'm going to write —an article, a story, a poem in free verse—or in some regular form. I only know that when I have the first sentence. And when the first sentence makes a kind of pattern. Then I find out the kind of rhythm I'm looking for. And then I go on. But I don't think there's any essential difference, at least for me, between writing poetry or writing prose.

So you evolve the form and the content as you go along?

Borges: Yes. When I feel I'm going to write something, then I just am quiet and I try to listen. Then something comes through. And I do what I can in order not to tamper with it. And then, when I begin to hear what's coming through, I write it down. I try to avoid purple patches, fine writing, all that kind of thing, because I think they're a mistake. And then sometimes it comes through and sometimes it doesn't, but that's not up to me. It's up to chance.

Does this kind of inspiration . . .

Borges: Well inspiration I think is too—too ambitious a word.

This process—is this something that is regular in your life?

Borges: No, it comes and goes. Sometimes there are periods of aridity, periods where nothing happens. But then I know those periods are real. I know that when I think of myself as being utterly worn out, when I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think that somehow I have nothing more to write, then something is happening within me. And, in due course, it bubbles up; it comes to the surface, and then I do my best to listen. But there's nothing mystical about all this. I suppose all writers do the same.

In his review of your Personal Anthology *John Simon made the point that in contrast to so many other writers who make distinctions between reality and illusion, in your writing, reality is illusion, and illusion is reality, being one and the same.*

Borges: Well I wonder whether we can make a distinction. Because in order to make that distinction we would have to know whether we are real or unreal. And, I suppose, as philosophers have been bickering and quarreling over that for the last 2,000 or 3,000 years, it's not up to me to decide.

Let's say that the words "an unreal thing" or "an unreal happening"—are a contradiction in terms. Because if you can speak about something, or even dream something, then that something is real. Unless of course you have a different meaning for the word "real." But I don't see how things can be unreal. I don't see any valid reason why Hamlet, for example, should be less real than Lloyd George.

You've been attracted to fantastic writings. Does this same concept apply to the fantastic?

Borges: I am attracted to fantastic writing, and fantastic reading, of course. But I think things that we call fantastic may be real, in the sense of being real symbols. If I write a fantastic story, I'm not writing something willful. On the contrary, I am writing something that stands for my feelings, or for my thoughts. So that, in a sense, a fantastic story is as real and perhaps more real than a mere circumstantial story. Because after all, circumstances come and go, and symbols remain. Symbols are there all the time. If I write about a certain street corner in Buenos Aires, that street corner may pass away for all I know. But if I write about mazes, or about mirrors, or about the night, or about evil, and fear, those things are everlasting—I mean they will be always with us. So, in a sense, I suppose a writer of the fantastic is writing of things far more real than, well, what newspapermen write about. Because they're always writing about mere accidents, circumstances. But, of course, we all live in time. I think that when we write about the fantastic, we're trying to get away from time and to write about everlasting things. I mean we do our best to be in eternity, though we may not quite succeed in our attempt.

Do you feel any kinship with Pirandello, by any chance?

Borges: I have greatly enjoyed Pirandello. I mean that game, for example, between the actors and the spectators. But I do not think he invented that game. Because in a sense you're getting that game all the time in Cervantes. I wonder if you remember that the characters in Cervantes have read *Don Quixote*. And that some characters speak about Cervantes, and even poke fun at him. That is the same kind of game.

What about people like E.T.A. Hoffmann and the German romantics? Have you felt any sympathy with them?

Borges: Well I have done my best to admire Hoffmann, but he's always defeated me. Because I think of him as being quite irresponsible. At the same time I don't think of him as being particularly amusing. Of course you might say that Lewis Carroll is irresponsible, but I feel attracted to him, and I don't feel attracted to Hoffmann. But that, of course, is my personal mistake, or my personal heresy, I should say.

What do you mean by Hoffmann's irresponsibility, Mr. Borges?

Borges: Well, if I may use old-fashioned and rather phony American slang, I shall accuse him of piling on the agonies. I remember that Poe was asked about his horror, and they thought that his horror came out of German romantics. He said, "Horror belongs not to Germany but to the soul." I suppose personally his life was awful enough, he had no need of looking for that horror in books.

You have said that the purpose of your writing is "to explore the literary possibilities of certain philosophical systems."

Borges: Many people have thought of me—of course, I can only be grateful to them—as a thinker, as a philosopher, or even as a mystic. Well the truth is that though I have found reality perplexing enough—in fact, I find it gets more perplexing all the time—I never think of myself as a thinker. But people think that I've committed myself to idealism, to solipsism, or to doctrines of the cabala, because I've used them in my tales. But really I was only trying to see what could be done with them. On the other hand, it might be argued that if I use them it's because I was feeling an affinity to them. Of course, that's true. But in fact I'm in too much of a mental muddle to know where I am—an idealist or not. I'm a mere man of letters, and I do what I can with those subjects.

Do you have a personal religion?

Borges: No, I don't have, but I hope to have one. Of course, I can believe in God, in the sense that Matthew Arnold gave to that word, something not ourselves that makes for righteousness. But I suppose that that's rather shadowy. I suppose you want more on that. Now as to a personal god, I don't like to think of God as a person—though I'm quite fond of people, and I suppose I'm a person myself, after all. But I don't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think I have any use for a god who is very much interested, let us say, in ethics, in what I am doing. I would rather like to think of God as being a kind of adventurer—even as Wells thought about him—or perhaps as something within us making for some unknown purpose. I don't think I can really believe in doomsday; I could hardly believe in rewards and punishments, in heaven or hell. As I wrote down in one of my sonnets—I seem to be always plagiarizing, imitating myself or somebody else for that matter—I think I am quite unworthy of heaven or of hell, and even of immortality. I mean I might accept immortality, if I had to do it. But I would prefer—if there is any after-life—to know nothing whatever about Borges, about his experiences in this world. But I suppose identity depends on memory. And if my memory is blotted out, then I wonder if I exist—I mean, if I am the same person. Of course, I don't have to solve that problem. It's up to God, if any. So that I ask of any God, of any gods, that if they give immortality, I hope to be granted oblivion also.

Perhaps in a reincarnation you wouldn't mind reading Borges.

Borges: Well no, I look forward to a better literary future than that.

Let me ask about one more German that I'm curious how you feel about, I mean Rainer Maria Rilke.

Borges: I don't know, I have a feeling that he's been greatly over-rated. I think of him as a very pleasant poet. I know some of his pieces by heart, or at least I did. But I never could be very interested in him. But if I have to speak of German writers, there is one German writer, that I would like to speak about. And I think I spent most of my life reading and rereading him—at first in English and now in German. And that writer is, as you may have guessed, Arthur Schopenhauer. I think that if I had to choose one philosopher, one metaphysician, I would choose Schopenhauer. Or if not, I suppose I would fall back—and be very happy about it —on Berkeley or on Hume. So you see that I'm quite old-fashioned. But I think of Schopenhauer as belonging to the 18th century. I think his irony and his pleasant style—and the word "pleasant" means much to me—belong rather to the 18th than to the 19th century. And certainly they don't belong to the cumbrous dialect of his German contemporaries. I think that, in a sense, he was more of a contemporary of Gibbon or of Voltaire than of Hegel or Fichte, whom he hated, as you all know.

Mr. Borges, do you feel in any way indebted to surrealism? Either through Ultraism or some other form.

Borges: Well, as a matter of fact, I know very little about surrealism. But I hope it's better than Ultraism, because I think of Ultraism as being sheer stuff and nonsense. And that's the feeling most of us old Ultraists have. It was merely a boyish joke, and I hope we've grown out of it. And yet now and then when I write, I evolve very silly metaphors, and then I know that's my old self—that's the man I was let's say around 1920—who's still lurking somewhere and who's trying to spoil everything I write.

Well, what do you do with those metaphors—do you keep them or do you throw them out?

Borges: Yes, I keep them, and I attribute them to imaginary writers, so that I use them for the sake of parody. Because after all I've got to put them to some use. And maybe in a sneaking way I'm fond of them.

Are there any contemporary writers that you are attracted to and feel an affinity for?

Borges: Well, if I have to speak of contemporary writers, I should be thinking about Plato, about Sir Thomas Browne, about Spinoza, about Thomas De Quincy, about Emerson, about Schopenhauer, of course. Maybe, why not? about Angelus Silesius, about Flaubert. That's as far as I care to go. But here I'm merely repeating what Ezra Pound said. He said, "All art is contemporary"—and I think he was right. I don't see why a man, by the mere fact of sharing my experiences of living in the same century, should be more important to me than somebody who died many years ago. [After all, if I am reading somebody, that writer is a contemporary— I mean he belongs to the present.] So that I think the word "modern" means nothing whatever; and the word "contemporary," of course, is a mere synonym of "modern." I think they're both meaningless.

You're renowned for your knowledge of literature and philosophy. Are there other arts that are as meaningful to you—painting or music?

Borges: Well, I'm very ignorant of music. I can only plead the doctrine of invincible ignorance. But when we were writing, Bioy Casares and I, we were hearing records. And then we found out there were some records that stimulated us, that gave us a sense of power, of passion, of might. So we wrote better when we were hearing them. Then we found out where those records came from. And they were records by Brahms. And that's all I know of music. There my knowledge stops. But in a sense I should be grateful to Brahms. Because I feel a stronger and happier man and a more passionate man when I am hearing his music. So I suppose I should thank him for that gift. But, of course, I cannot understand that gift or explain it.

Mr. Borges, one subject very rarely, if at all, shows up in your work, and that is sex. What would you say was the reason for that?

Borges: I suppose the reason is that I think too much about it. When I write, I try to get away from personal feelings. I suppose that's the reason. But there has to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another reason. The other reason may be that it's been worked to death, and I know that I can't say anything new or very interesting about it. Of course, you may say that the other subjects I treat have also been worked to death. For example, loneliness, identity. And yet, somehow I feel that I can do more with the problems of time and identity than with what was treated by Blake when he spoke of "weaving through dreams a sexual strife, and weeping o'er the web of life." Well, I wonder if I have woven through dreams the sexual strife. I don't think so. But after all, my business is to weave dreams. I suppose I may be allowed to choose the material.

In an interview for the Paris Review *you were mocking the concern about the audience you reach. And you were saying that, only 37 copies of your first book had been sold, and that . . . you liked that because you could identify yourself with 37 people.*

Borges: Because after all, if you sell a thousand copies you might as well sell no copy at all, no? Infinity and zero come together. But 37 people—with faces, with circumstances, with likes, with dislikes, with relatives and so on. So I was very grateful when I had sold 37 copies. But I think I was exaggerating, it may have been 21 only, or 17 for that matter.

But is it really of little concern to you to reach a large audience?

Borges: I think that what I'm really concerned about is reaching one person. And that person may be myself, for all I know. In my country writers hardly worry about audiences. Perhaps because they know they'll never get any. Not out of modesty, but self-knowledge. But I think it's all to the good that a writer shouldn't be too famous. Because, in a country where a writer may be famous, he may be pandering to the mob, celebrity and so on. But in my country, I write for myself, and perhaps for half a dozen friends. And that should be enough. And that might improve the quality of my writing. But if I were writing for thousands of people, then I would write what might please them. And as I know nothing about them, and maybe I'd have a rather low opinion of them, I don't think that would do any good to my work.

There are many of us who are afraid about the directions that art—or the arts in general—have been taken most recently, and there's the feeling that there may be a dehumanization in the arts, to use Ortega's term. Do you feel that danger?

Borges: Well I see no reason whatever why that danger should be specially active today. After all, there are thousands of people writing away, and if we evolve one or two writers, that should be enough. I mean, we're aways thinking highly of the past, because we say Shakespeare, Marlowe and so on. But after all, we are thinking of the ones who have come down to us. I suppose that in any special time art must have been really quite rubbishy. But if we manage to evolve one or two writers, and those writers should be thought worthy of being read in time to come, I don't think we need worry about there being many quite bad writers.

I was thinking not so much of the quantity of bad writers but the direction in which perhaps even good art or so-called good art is going, which seems to become progressively beset by scientific or anti-intellectual or self-destructive values, which might in time lead to a preponderance of anti-art.

Borges: Well I wonder if you're thinking, let's say, of art being written in a very special way. For example, of literature being merely verbal. Or painting merely concerned with shapes, with lines, with certain patterns.

But I think that something should come through in spite of the artist's theories. Suppose a writer may think that he's writing meaningless verse, or that he's only out, let's say, for verbal patterns, and at the same time he may be saying something, or rather suggesting something, very meaningful. Because art is very mysterious. I wonder if you can really do any damage to art. I think that to have that opinion is to think too highly of reason. I think that when we're writing, something comes through or should come through, in spite of our theories. So theories are not really important. I don't think esthetic schools are important. What is important is the use that is made of them, or whatever the individual writer does. I'm not interested in the fact that a writer may label himself as being intellectual or anti-intellectual. I'm really interested in the stuff he's turning out.

At this point, what are you attracted to—where is your sense of adventure leading you now?

Borges: Well, I have several plans. One of them is to write a volume of straightforward stories. I think I'm rather tired of mazes and mirrors and people who are somebody else. And I was rereading some months ago the *Plain Tales From the Hills*, these very straightforward stories that Kipling wrote when he was a young man—afterward, of course, he went on to very intricate schemes—and I thought I would try my hand at writing a straightforward story, and I wrote one. And I'm thinking of writing more stories in that style. I mean stories with simple characters—if there be such a thing as a simple character. That's one of my plans. And the other plan would be to write a book on Old English and Old Norse literature. Not a book of information, but rather a book with my personal opinions, a book wherein I try to say what I thought that poetry might have meant to the Saxons and to the Norsemen. So that I have those two books in mind.

And also, perhaps, I'll fall back on my old schemes, because one never knows. I might write one or two fantastic stories. But I'll do my best to avoid them. I'll only write them down if they insist on my writing them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON HAVING GRACE PALEY ONCE MORE AMONG US

IVAN GOLD

Grace Paley's collection of short stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man,* has recently been reissued by the Viking Press, nine years after its original hard cover publication by Doubleday, eight years after the Meridian reprint edition, and two or three years after it went out of print or otherwise became impossible to find, to the consternation, I imagine, of a few more readers than myself. I owned the book on three separate occasions and lent it away each time, was more pleased than not when it failed to come back twice, for I knew where it was, or where it wasn't—the temptation to spread the glad tidings is stronger with this book than with most, and in both instances, when I thought to check, it was far from the hands into which I'd placed it. The third time, when trips to several bookshops failed to turn it up, I felt less charitable; I felt, in fact, a sense of loss which was not even assuaged by occasional encounters with the author; with Grace Paley, as with no other writer I have known, such solace was at least a possibility, for her voice, manner, *style,* are hardly different in the flesh as on the page. This correspondence is so nearly perfect that when I met her accidentally during the march on the Pentagon last October, the woman I was with, who did not know her but had read her book, was able to identify Grace from a fragment, a most unliterary snatch of dialogue.

This is not so much a matter of language, which in her work has been justly praised as subtle, fanciful, energetic, wild, and undeniably unique, while in conversation she will come across as straight and true as your (good) mother or mine, but results rather from a rare identity of her mode of expression and her deepest concerns, or put the other way, from an absence of scrims, of "style" in its least happy sense—as a barrier between the way a writer lives in the world, and the way he puts it down. The ten stories in *The Little Disturbances of Man* explore the levels of feeling and turmoil beneath the "little disturbances" of our lives in a variety of ways, from many points of view. By turns, often at once, the stories give quirky, anguished, funny, loving, deep and antic glimpses into the hearts and lives of children, mothers, lovers, spouses divorced and abandoned, the ageing and the old, in a prose as resilient and unpredictable as one imagines the fate of her characters to be at any story's end, no matter how often one has read it.

Yet when I asked the author not long ago, in connection with the reissue of her book and the piece I might do about this glad event, to say a word about her fiction, or about the impulse which led her to write the kind of thing she does after her beginnings as a poet, she could say, "I felt bad about men and women," and with that profoundly simple remark, worthy of a number of the living, bleeding humans who inhabit her pages, she could illumine the connection I have been trying to describe: that she lived precisely where she worked, wrote out of the heart of her perplexity and sense of wonder at the countless ways we have for dealing with each other, her grief that it so often turns out so badly, joy all the greater because less often found.

A Casualty of Literary Life?

It is a sticky painful way to write, and the very excellence of the result, the moving, honest, somehow *unbreakable* quality of her stories, seemed, to some, sufficient explanation of why, in the years following the book's first appearance, Grace Paley produced so little else. She was known to be "working on a novel," and, indeed, sections of it would appear in magazines from time to time —in the defunct *noble savage,* in the first issue of *New American Review*—but of shorter pieces there were few, and these very short, and rather playful. Those whose task this is began to mourn her as one of the mysterious casualties of the literary life—writers who give us a brilliant first work of fiction and then falter, or are heard from no more. (I have often wondered how that latter judgment, this side the grave, is ever arrived at. Even a writer like Anatole Broyard, whose story *What The Cystoscope Said* is as powerful today as when it first appeared in *discovery,* 14 years ago, but who has published, to my knowledge, only one much slighter story since, and has lately begun to turn up in the pages of various journals passing usually sour judgments on the work of others, even he, next week or year, can confound the gloomiest expectations.)

But during her literary lean years, Grace Paley's life was fat. She gave to the roles of wife and mother the profound, existential attention her readers would have been able to predict. She was among the earliest and fiercest

IVAN GOLD *is the author of a collection of short stories entitled* Nickel Miseries *(Viking Press), and a forthcoming novel* Sick Friends *(Random House).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agitators against the grisly treatment afforded inmates of Greenwich Village's Women's House of Detention, her human and political involvement in this and other "community" matters widening along with the war in Vietnam to the point where she was and remains in the thick of resistance to that bizarre, bloody conflict, and to the Administration which continues to wage it. Operating out of the Greenwich Village Peace Center, she is an indefatigable pamphleteer and hander-out of leaflets, was among the signers of the Writers and Editors War Tax Protest, is an active member of both the local and national committees of *Resist,* in which connection she was arrested, not for the first time, during the pre-dawn gathering at the induction center on Whitehall Street last December, for voicing particularly vociferous objection to the tactics of the police, and she saved a few young heads from being broken in the process.

For the past several years she has been giving courses in the short story, at Columbia, at Syracuse, and at Sarah Lawrence (where she teaches still). Her classes at Columbia, when I was there, were always oversubscribed, her students full of praise of her and an eagerness to work. Whatever the often justifiable criticisms made of "creative writing" courses, it was easy to see that something was being transmitted during that particular once-weekly two-hour stretch which was not listed in the catalogue: that Grace Paley was able—probably, she had no choice—to gift her students with herself.

And what of her novel? The signs are that it will be along. Lately, in the midst of all busyness, she has begun to publish again. In the past several months, first-rate short fiction has appeared in the *Atlantic* and in *Esquire,* as well as the aforementioned excerpt from her novel in *New American Review*. One wants to exhort the pundits to fight back the crocodile tears, and have a little patience.

Meanwhile, as we wait, the Viking edition of The *Little Disturbances of Man* has come out to tide us over, and the book will reappear as a Bantam paperback in the fall. For this tandem we have chiefly two editors to thank, Aaron Asher at Viking and Marc Jaffe at Bantam. Asher has been the book's great advocate since it first appeared (and was responsible for the Meridian edition), and Jaffe's early purchase of it for Bantam is what made the present hardback edition commercially feasible. But—all peace to commercial feasibility—both these men have long held views about the value of literature, and the function of publishing, for which we can only be grateful.

Refusing the machinery of power

SILONE AND THE POPE

JAMES GAFFNEY

If commentators on the *Divina Commedia* have rightly identified as Pope Celestine V the figure consigned to the antechamber of hell for having made "through cowardice, the great refusal," few subsequent writers have been inclined to endorse Dante's condemnation. Officially canonized by the Church in 1313, for reasons not entirely theological, Pietro da Morrone, the enigmatic pontiff whose election to the papacy in 1294 was only less astonishing than his abdication a few months afterward, has since been venerated by not a few to whom the Church's official pronouncements carry little conviction. Among these latter must now be included Ignazio Silone, whose latest book, *L'Avventura d'un Povero Cristiano,* is an admirer's portrait of the peasant priest who was by turns a reforming abbot, a contemplative hermit, a compromise pontiff, an ecclesiastical prisoner and, not improbably, a victim of murder by his infamous successor.

Silone's new book is a departure from precedent in so far as it is a work of historical fiction, cast in the form of a drama. But as a vehicle of ideas, *The Adventure of a Poor Christian* is in close continuity with the work its author began thirty-five years ago with the publication of his first novel, *Fontamara.* Always an undisguisedly didactic writer, he remarks in one of the highly pertinent essays that form a preface to the present work that "I should have liked to spend my life just writing and rewriting a single story, hoping finally to understand it and make it understood." In a sense, Silone in his previous writing has been doing precisely that, and he continues to do so in *The Adventure of a Poor Christian.*

In the same essay he observes that he has always been "interested in the fate of a particular type of man, a particular type of Christian, in the workings of this world's machinery." In *The Adventure of a Poor Christian,* that particular type of man is represented by Pietro da Morrone, and this world's machinery by the Duecento power structures of Church and State. Transposed to a plane of abstraction, the narrative becomes virtually an allegory of universal temptation individually resisted:

FATHER JAMES GAFFNEY, S.J., *is a professor of theology at Gonzaga University in Florence, Italy.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the story of how the kind of man Silone most admires refused to be part of the kind of machinery Silone most detests.

The play is personal to the point of spiritual autobiography. For in Silone's view the crisis of conscience confronted by Celestine V represents a radical option between real and simulated Christianity, and Celestine's choice represents in substance Silone's own. The protagonist's realization that he cannot be both a good Christian and an acceptable pope mirrors the author's conviction that he cannot be both a good Christian and an acceptable papist—or, on another plane, a good socialist and an acceptable Communist. Disgusted and dismayed by the distortion and attenuation of their professed moral ideals for reasons of institutional expediency that he discovered first in the Catholicism of his boyhood and afterwards in the Communism of his youth, Silone was led like Celestine to make his own "great refusal," a rejection in his case of all power structures, whether religious or secular, as trustworthy administrators of transcendent ideals.

Not indifferent to the fate of Church and Party, and sincerely hopeful for reforms lately undertaken in both, Silone is yet content to wish them well as an outsider, attached to their aims but detached from their organizations. The ground of his more confident hope lies elsewhere. "Fortunately," he remarks in the preface, "Christ is greater than the Church." Or, as the ex-Pope Celestine declares in his final scene: "God created souls, not institutions, and souls, not institutions, are immortal." *The Adventure of a Poor Christian* is an admission of diffidence joined to a profession of faith: diffidence about the Church and comparable institutions, coupled with faith in Christ and in souls created by God for immortality. It is, among other things, a work of theology, of faith in search of understanding.

The narrative is a simple one, faithful in outline to the history it recalls. It opens in Sulmona, where a peasant family harassed by police for showing hospitality to a band of "spiritual Franciscans" are rescued from their predicament by Pietro da Morrone, the local hermit, who prevails less by his commonsense arguments than by the prestige of his reputation for sanctity. The plight of the friars, shared by the peasants, and averted by the saint, typifies the basic conflict that motivates the play, between individual Christian consciences and collective organizational interests, the latter acting powerfully and impersonally on the former through channels of influence that flow unidirectionally from remote inexorable potentates to the local bullying functionaries of Church and State. There appear to be conscientious men deprived of power and powerful men devoid of conscience, and seemingly in this world it must always be so. But then, suddenly, there is reason to wonder.

In the year 1294, when the Church was already two years without a pontiff owing to stalemate produced at the conclave by rivalry among the great cardinalatial families and the Angevin king of Naples, it is astonishingly announced that the choice has fallen upon Pietro da Morrone. A man of impeccable conscience has been invited to the summit of power, and the choice is his to make. His interior dilemma is reflected in the conflicting counsels of his friends. On the one hand, the ominous incongruity of transplanting the simple, austere, evangelical life, in which all his merits are rooted, into the sophistication, luxury, and intrigue of a papal court. But on the other hand the seeming unfairness and pusillanimity of lamenting the sordid state of a worldly papacy only to refuse a unique opportunity for making that papacy into another and better thing. Seen in one light, clearly a temptation; in another, no less clearly a vocation. To the end his perplexity remains unresolved and his spiritual anguish unabated. But a choice must be made. Pietro Morrone becomes Pope Celestine V.

The tragi-comic scenes that follow trace a rapid course of disillusionment. Unswervingly true to his convictions, Celestine reveals himself as the most blundering and ineffectual of popes. Shying away from the Roman curia, he leans too closely on the Neapolitan court. Overwhelmed by tasks too numerous and intricate for him to undertake alone, and surrounded by an eager officialdom of career ecclesiastics whom he cannot trust and who cannot trust one another, he attempts to raise up new agencies to implement reform. Naturally he turns to those religious communities of whose integrity he has personal knowledge, equipping them with the legal and economic resources necessary to extend their wholesome influence into broader spheres of the Church's life: sharing his own opportunity, making men of conscience into men of power. But the evidence cannot long escape him that what he gives as means are quickly sought as ends. The self-denying monks with power thrust upon them develop a ready taste for it, and all too often an insatiable hunger for more. Somehow, at every turn, the ideal formula is belied by the experiment: power and conscience fail to blend. The choice made in perplexity is unmade with entire conviction. Celestine V becomes Pier Celestino, clearing the way for a man who will not share his scruples to succeed him as Boniface VIII.

But Celestine's abdication cannot cancel the implications of his past. An ex-pope, and above all an ex-pope regarded as a saint, cannot resume anonymity. A potential weapon, willing or not, of every dissident faction in the Church, his independence represents for Boniface a permanent and intolerable danger. Hunted out of his mountain refuge, he is first imprisoned in the luxury of a papal palace and tactfully invited to collaborate, then imprisoned in the squalor of a papal dungeon and bluntly warned to capitulate. And there the final curtain falls, with his friend conjecturing about that sequel which history has never fully unveiled: "Probably they will come again to offer him a compromise. Undoubtedly he will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

refuse it. Then, I am afraid, they will kill him. And then, afterwards, they will make him a saint. Let us not try to understand. The destiny of certain saints, during their lifetime, is among the Church's darkest mysteries."

The Message

But Silone, of course, would have us try to understand, and try as he has tried, noticing what he has noticed, in himself, his party, and his Church. It is, God knows, no new thing to notice that power corrupts, and Acton's much-cited epigram belongs to an immemorial tradition of equivalent proverbs. But Silone has thought the lesson worth repeating to today's Church, charged with a spirit of institutional reform, yet haunted by the evidence of institutional inadequacy.

Is his message, then, a counsel of despair? To some it will seem so, but the judgment depends on one's point of view. From Silone's own point of view, the story of Pietro da Morrone is emphatically a parable of hope, but a peculiar sort of hope and one predicated on formidable conditions. Silone, it was noted above, wishes the *aggiornamento* well. The phrase is too weak and condescending. An ardent admirer of John XXIII (whose lineaments are readily discernable in his portrayal of Pope Celestine), he happily admits that the Vatican Council revealed and released a spiritual vigor whose potentiality he had not suspected, and even answered satisfactorily questions to which the Church's former deafness had motivated his own and others' defection.

Why then remain detached? Part of Silone's answer is because the Church of Rome, like it or not, is much more nearly an exclusive sect than a universal fellowship, and far more earnestly the custodian of an impersonal ideological system than of a personal and prophetic revelation. "And so no longer the message of a Father to his children, to all his children, a clear natural light discovered in its dawning, evident and irresistible to any intelligence in good faith. But instead a complex historical product, fashioned by a particular culture, indeed an amalgam of several cultures, elaborated over thousands of years within a closed community, in permanent internal conflict and warring and competing with others. Viewed benevolently, a very noble and venerable superstructure. But what happens to the poor Christ in a superstructure?" Silone's answer to the latter question is what Pietro da Morrone learned as Celestine V.

Although detached from the official Church, Silone remains in his own view resolutely a Christian. He does not ignore the ambiguity of that term, or contend that his is the only decent option. "I do not feel like a missionary, only like a writer. I shall say frankly that the Christian reality, here and now, seems to me on the whole ambivalent, and perhaps destined for a long time to remain so—the concordat along with eschatology, the historical form along with prophecy. Each Christian will continue to find the place that circumstances on the whole prepare for him, or make that choice that conscience dictates to him." His only condemnation is for those who will not do that. But his special sympathy is inevitably for that "particular type of Christian" who is obliged, like his protagonist, in one way or another to make the "great refusal." And his concern is not only to vindicate such men against charges of pusillanimity, but to celebrate their positive value for Christianity and for the Church itself.

There are, he believes, men who can cling effectively to the moral substance of a Christian life only by relaxing their grip upon the superstructure, and its grip upon them. Above all, when that superstructure reveals itself as an apparatus of worldly power, and even though that power once relinquished is sure to fall into less worthy hands. This is only to make a wider than usual application of the question, "What doth it profit a man?" But then another question arises, which is posed to the ex-Pope Celestine by one of his disciples: "So you mean that now we must occupy ourselves with our own souls? That we must cultivate them as some men cultivate their gardens? But then are we not forgetting that Kingdom of God announced by the Gospel and preached by Gioacchino da Fiore and by you yourself? Are we not forgetting the others?"

Pier Celestino's answer to that question is the substance of Ignazio Silone's hope: "I shall tell you, in all simplicity, what I think about that. Is it possible for an opposition to exist between the life of a soul that is seriously Christian and the expectation of the Kingdom of God? I do not believe so. It seems to me that a Christian soul aspiring intensely to the Kingdom of God becomes shaped to its image, and takes its norm for the standard of his conduct, beginning in his relations with his neighbor. It is no word-play to claim that in this way there is realized, in however small a measure, that Kingdom itself. There remains, undoubtedly, a contrast between the soul and existing laws and institutions. When and how will the laws be replaced by charity? No one can know that, but this should not be an encouragement for our laziness. For those Christians who from this very day live courageously according to that spirit already in reality anticipate it. While in our daily prayer the invocation remains, 'Thy Kingdom come.' "

Silone's hope is, in short, the most old-fashioned of Christian hopes, the eschatological hope, to which it makes no practical or theological difference that the world has not yet come to an end. It is a hope founded on his faith, supported by his experience, that on the one hand "the Kingdom of God is among you," even though on the other hand "my Kingdom is not of this world." We hear very much these days about that curiously mutable thing, the secular meaning of the Gospel. Silone has taken his stand on the other meaning, doubtless harder to accept, but perhaps after all easier to recognize.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In one of his essays, Silone recalls a conversation with an Italian peasant who was something of a connoisseur of local saints. Like every Italian peasant, he was well aware that saints are specialized social workers, each with an allotted stock of good things he can get for you or bad things he can protect you from, and therefore to be cultivated with discrimination. He wondered what he ought to have in view when praying to St. Peter Celestine. " 'He can help protect you,' I tried to explain, 'from temptations of power.' When he finally grasped the meaning of my suggestion, first he was taken with a fit of boundless amusement, and then, quite seriously, he said, 'In that case he is a saint not for us poor people, but for the priests.' "

Perhaps some readers of *The Adventure of a Poor Christian* will be inclined to suggest a larger clientele for Pietro da Morrone's patronage. But the one proposed might not, after all, be too modest a beginning for a saint who was always a wretched organizer and hesitant to relinquish old-fashioned methods.

The most complex of Golding's novels

THE RETURN OF PINCHER MARTIN

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

Pincher Martin, as William Golding's third novel was originally called in Britain, first came out in 1956. It concerns a castaway clinging to a rock in mid-Atlantic during the second World War. His destroyer *H.M.S. Wildebeeste* has been torpedoed. But Pincher Martin is a story with a twist, because in the final chapter it is revealed that the lieutenant has been dead since the fifth paragraph. So the story is really a study of a man who will not accept the fact of his own death and whose "ravenous ego invents a rock for him to endure on . . . He is not fighting for bodily survival but for his continuing identity in face of what will smash it and sweep it away—the black lightning, the compassion of God." This gloss was provided by the author in a note which he contributed to the *Radio Times* when the book was adapted for broadcasting.

Certainly it is a helpful gloss, since of all Golding's books this is probably the most complex. For it deals not with actions but with the development of consciousness, and, like a poem, demands to be read several times. There are many striking phrases—"cold persistent idiot water" is one about the Atlantic rollers, and many of the descriptive passages seem, and indeed are, extensions of Martin's own obsessive nature. "The pebbles . . . were white quartz, dulled and rounded, a miscellany of potato-shapes. Their whiteness was qualified by yellow stains and flecks of darker material." During his lifetime Martin has similarly 'qualified' practically everything that he has done—though often the qualifications have in fact been lame excuses to cover up his own shabby behavior.

Martin's rock turns out to be his memory of an aching tooth; it has a rough edge of cliff, marked with trenches, that slopes down to a part of his gum which he refers to as the Red Lion. This naming of the parts in his mouth is one of the tricks by which he tries to continue his identity. But his imagination lets him down. The gulls circling above his rock become "flying reptiles," and the lobsters in its crevices appear red before being boiled. Signs such as these are hints that the book is not about reality in a conventional sense; nor is it a straightforward story of survival like *Robinson Crusoe*.

In fact, when *Pincher Martin* was published in America it was called *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin* —a title that emphasizes Martin's physical death in Chapter One—"his distant body stilled itself and relaxed"—and his ego's death 200 pages later when it has shrunk to merely a pair of inflamed claws trying desperately to grab onto an imaginary rock. There is, too, a fitting poetic justice about the image, since before the war Martin was an actor who on one occasion was offered the part of Greed in a morality—a part, as the producer informs him, that has to be played as a man "born with his mouth and his flies open and both hands out to grab." It is an inspired piece of typecasting.

Survivors from drowning have often described how pictures from their past lives have flashed by as they sank beneath the waves. And what may have seemed to them a playback of 50 or more years, may, in effect, have taken place in two or three seconds or less. In the concluding chapter of Golding's novel, when Captain Davidson is asked if Martin can have suffered, he replies, having examined the corpse, that Martin "didn't even have the time to kick off his seaboots." In other words, his physical death was instantaneous with his hitting the water. But does such a death signify the complete end? Does the soul leave the body instantly—or is

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE, *a previous contributor, is a British critic and journalist.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sacramentum

An Encyclopedia of Theology

in Six Volumes

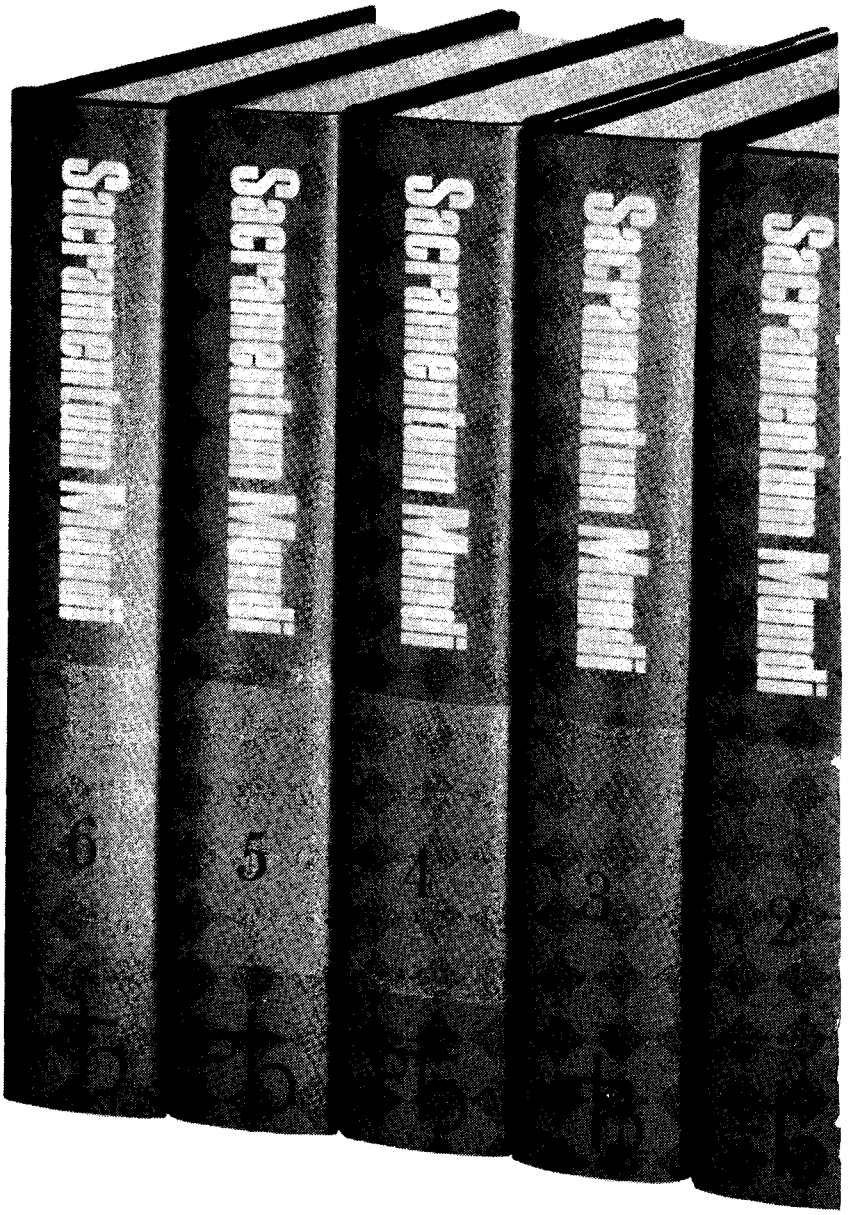
Edited by

Karl Rahner

with

Cornelius Ernst

and **Kevin Smyth**

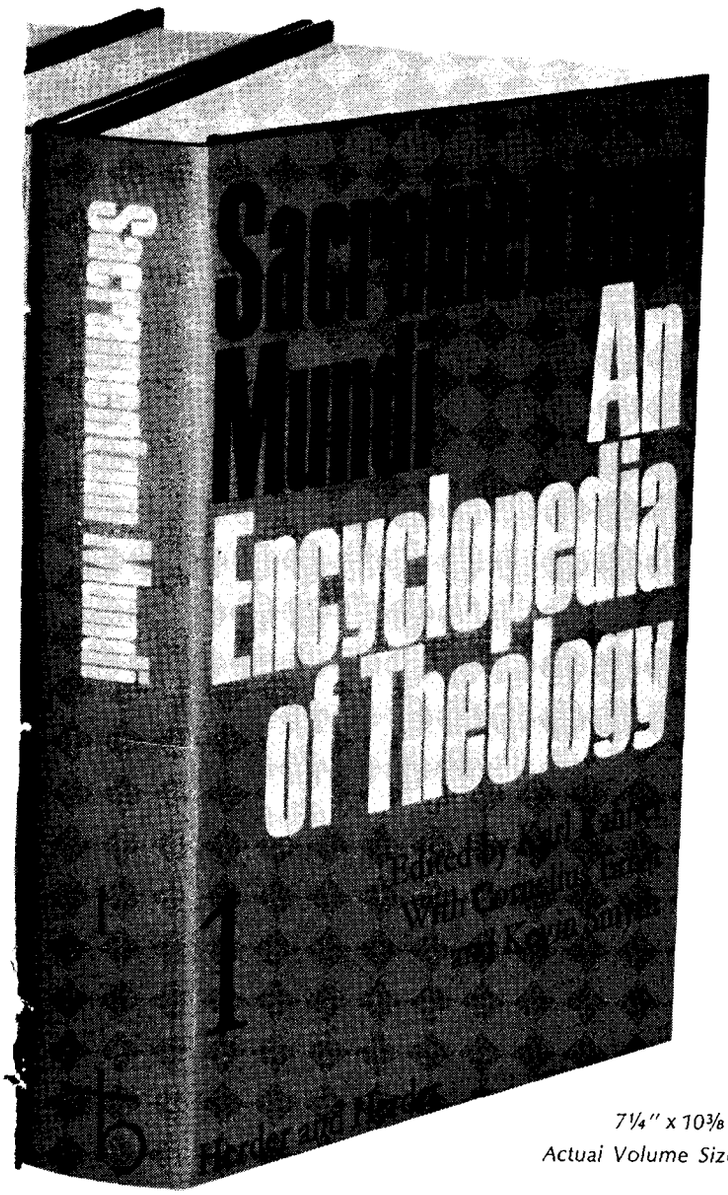


HERDER AND HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

As a summa of post-conciliar theology Sacramentum Mundi will be the essential reference work for theologians, priests, ministers, religious, teachers, students, and laymen. It will be indispensable for any library of religious books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mundi



7¼" x 10⅜"
Actual Volume Size

Volume I and II have just been published; the remaining volumes will appear at six-month intervals. The price is $135.00. Pre-publication price for the six volume set is $105.00 (if paid in advance: $94.50 postpaid).

"This amazingly comprehensive yet compact theological source book deserves a prominent place in the libraries of priests, religious, and laity determined to discover the theological developments surrounding Christianity. We should be grateful for this historic work." *—Bishop John J. Wright*

"The publication of this edition of SACRAMENTUM MUNDI makes available to English-speaking readers a remarkable collection of brief and lucid articles on many of the key questions of contemporary theology. This encyclopedic dictionary . . . combines a solid fidelity to tradition with a praiseworthy openness to new developments."
—Avery Dulles

"The clarity, fullness, and thoroughly contemporary tone of the articles in SACRAMENTUM MUNDI gave me an extremely favourable impression. In such a work it is difficult to maintain close contact with advanced thinking, and the authors have done this in a notably superior manner."
—John L. McKenzie

"SACRAMENTUM MUNDI is the first theological dictionary written in the spirit of Vatican II . . . a dictionary of the Church in its relation to the world. The treatment of the topics is ecumenical, philosophically up to date, and sympathetically open to the humanistic trends of our century."
—George Tavard

"An invaluable collection of essays on almost every important subject in contemporary theology written by the best scholars in Europe and America. There is no comparable reference work in the English language."
—Christopher Mooney

"The great weakness of most recent encyclopedias of theology is that they do not sufficiently reflect theological development since Vatican II. SACRAMENTUM MUNDI is an exception. The clarity of the writing, the sensitivity to contemporary debates, and the thoroughness of its coverage make this an extremely valuable reference work."
—Daniel Callahan

To your bookseller or C
HERDER and HERDER
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send _____ set(s) of SACRAMENTUM MUNDI at one of the special pre-publication subscription prices.

☐ Pre-publication subscription price: $105.00. Bill $17.50 (plus small mailing charge) for each volume.

☐ Pre-publication advance payment price: $94.50. Bill $94.50 (no mailing charge) for the complete set ($15.75 per volume) when I receive the first two volumes.

☐ Send further information about SACRAMENTUM MUNDI: An Encyclopedia of Theology in Six Volumes.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this to beg the question since Martin believed in nothing except the importance of his own life? Or, was there a split second before his first and his second deaths when, though Martin battled to prevent God from taking possession of his ego (others might call it his soul), there came a moment when the victory had to be conceded to "the black lightning." The answer to these problems would seem to be given at the close of Chapter 13:

"The lightning crept in. The centre was unaware of anything but the claws and the threat. It focussed its awareness on the crumbled serrations and the blazing red. The lightning came forward. Some of the lines pointed to the centre, waiting for the moment when they would pierce it. Others lay against the claws, playing over them, prying for a weakness, wearing them away in a compassion that was timeless and without mercy."

This is the one direct statement in the novel which suggests that Martin, whether he likes it or not, will have an after-life. Earlier, on the rock, he has cried out "I am Prometheus" and tried to play the part of the Greek who defied the Deities. But he is an actor, and his shouts, threats and blasphemies are very much the rantings of an actor. A time has to come when the curtain will descend and the setting against which he is acting will be shown to be no more than cardboard. Martin knows this—and so does his captive audience of readers. But is there anything behind the cardboard, or is it a void?

Golding tells everyone (except Martin) that behind it there exists a reality that is "timeless"—namely, the reality of God. Then in the next and final chapter set in the Hebrides, where Martin's body has been washed up, he attempts to put against this view that God is a certainty, the view that the reality of an after-life is an open question. Thus, when Captain Davidson, a corpse-disposal officer, is asked by an islander whether he would say there was any surviving after death, neither a Yes nor a No follows. He merely asserts that in the case of Martin's drowning, there was not any suffering. The book finishes on a note of ambiguity.

The Puzzle of Characterization

Still, there can be no ambiguity about Golding's view expressed at the end of the previous chapter—a view subsequently enforced by his comments in the *Radio Times*. The only puzzle to be cleared up is why Golding should have chosen as his central character "the nastiest type of individual" he could imagine.

Let there be no mistake: the tenacity with which Martin clings to life and the ingenuity with which he creates the rock, have a certain heroic quality about them. There is something stirring about a man refusing to be annihilated by his fate. Yet Christopher Hadley Martin is portrayed, as he has always been, as a complete rotter. I choose the term advisedly. During his life he has employed the power of sex, whether with women, men or boys, as a means to promote himself. "I climbed . . . over the bodies of used and defeated people," he boasts.

In the Royal Navy, anyone surnamed Martin can expect to be nicknamed Pincher; but in the case of this Martin it could not be more apt. He will pinch anything from a cash-box to a reputation. Christopher, his first name, derives from Christ-bearer—and the author cannot have missed the irony when selecting it. Christopher's besetting sin is greed, a greed that rules out the possibility of there being any such thing as a selfless love—either human or divine. A stage producer tells him a fable, but he refuses to heed it. Here it is:

". . . when the Chinese want to prepare a very rare dish they bury a fish in a tin box. Presently all the lil' maggots peep out and start to eat. Presently no fish. Only maggots . . . Next the little ones eat the tiny ones. The middle-sized ones eat the little ones. The big ones eat the middle-sized ones. Then the big ones eat each other. Then there are two and then one and where there was a fish there is now one huge successful maggot. Rare dish . . ."

When the book first came out, many reviewers identified themselves with Pincher Martin. Golding was delighted. Greed in Martin's case may be supreme greed, but the fact that there was this identification suggested to the author that the idea of sin was not so generally forgotten as is customarily supposed. So, in assessing this his most religiously committed novel, the parable of the shepherd and the lost sheep is brought to mind: for there is more joy in Heaven "over one sinner that repenteth . . . than over ninety and nine just persons, what needeth no repentance."

At first sight then, Martin's defiance of Heaven is characteristic of a man who does not know what repentance means and who seems to have no redeeming features. Yet to admit this, would strike at the heart of a Christian belief, which accepts that the Crucifixion was an individual act of universal redemption; it would deny that "the nastiest type of individual" *can be* redeemed. The challenge therefore that Golding presents himself, both as a novelist and a believer, is a self-imposed one: it is how to square the concept of man's free will with that of an omnipotent Deity. Further, in so highly complicated a story, his reply is a profoundly simple one—namely, that God's ways are always mysterious. In fact, Golding's choice of "the black lightning" as an image of God proves to be no more than a variation on the medieval poets' image of God as "the Sun." In each instance, too, the rays of both are charged with everlasting mercy.

St. Augustine once wrote of a man falling into a river: "The mercy of God may be found between the bridge and the stream." In the case of Pincher Martin it would seem, the bridge was that of the *H.M.S. Wildebeeste* and the stream was the mid-Atlantic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the University of Notre Dame Press

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH TODAY: WESTERN EUROPE

Edited by Matthew A. Fitzsimons

How has European Catholicism responded to the current upheaval in the Church? During his tour of Europe Prof. Fitzsimons found varying attitudes in the European Church, some of which the clergy helped bring about and many of which they have come to dread.

350 pp. January 15 $10.00

CONTEMPORARY CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES

Edited by Philip Gleason

More than ever, American Catholics are conscious of belonging to a pilgrim Church. Though the end of the pilgrimage is not yet in sight, this book helps to clarify the present position of the Church in the United States.

350 pp. January 24 $10.00

THOMISM IN AN AGE OF RENEWAL

Ralph M. McInerny

A book for the non-philosopher as well as the philosopher. Prof. McInerny wittily attacks favorite fantasies of both fundamentalists and progressives.

206 pp. NDP-81 October, 1968 $2.45

LUTHERANS AND ROMAN CATHOLICISM:

The Changing Conflict, 1917-1963

Myron A. Marty

A Lutheran's view of Rome and how it has changed toward a more cordial attitude.

288 pp. LC 68-25117 October, 1968 $6.95

THE BOND OF MARRIAGE

Edited by William W. Bassett

Report of a Symposium held at University of Notre Dame on the Sacrament of Matrimony in the light of Vatican II.

Fall, 1968 $6.95

THE EUCHARIST

Theology and Spirituality of the Eucharistic Prayer

Louis Bouyer

Historical tracing of the origin of the Eucharist back to Jewish meal prayers.

Fall, 1968 $14.00

SUPERMAN

From Nietzsche to Teilhard de Chardin

Jules Chaix-Ruy

Chaix-Ruy opens with the ideal superman as foreseen by Nietzsche and closes with the cosmic man which Teilhard de Chardin sees rising. A new humanism is called for and Chaix-Ruy's delineation of man is an attempt to reach the first step.

300 pp. October 30 $7.95

MAJOR WORKS OF PETER CHAADAEV

Raymond T. McNally

Dr. McNally presents the first complete translation of Chaadaev's two major works, "Philosophical Letters Addressed to a Lady" and "Apologia of a Madman."

320 pp. January 30 LC 68-20437 $7.95

THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH

Panagiotis Bratsiotis
(translated by Joseph Blenkinsopp)

The position of the Greek Orthodox Church toward other major Christian bodies, the ecumenical movement and to Roman Catholicism.

144 pp. LC 68-27579 Sept., 1968 $5.95

STRUCTURES OF THE CHURCH

Fr. Hans Kung

A bold, broad and penetrating study of some of the fundamental structures of the Catholic Church, including basic requirements of a council which truly represents the Church of Jesus Christ.

358 pp. NDP-80 October, 1968 $3.45

CHRISTIAN EXISTENCE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT, VOL. I

Rudolf Schnackenburg
Fred D. Wieck, Translator

Man's struggle to maintain his dignity and freedom in today's growing social collectivism is brought out vividly in this study of post-New Testament Christian life.

208 pp. October 15 LC 68-27576 $5.95

THE NEW RHETORIC:

A Treatise on Argument

Chaim Perelman

The first logical presentation on argumentation (rhetoric), its art and technique, instinctively used by all great writers and artists and illustrating the tremendous power of the written and oral word.

500 pp. December 15 LC 68-20440 $22.50

CHRISTIAN SECULARITY

Report of a Colloquium at the University of Notre Dame

Edited by Rev. Albert Schlitzer, C.S.C.

Discussions by leading theologians on Christian Faith in a secular age.

280 pp. March, 1969 $8.50

A BIBLICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE OLD TESTAMENT

Heinrich Gross

Historical and chronological proof of God's plan to redeem mankind and to unite all men with God.

142 pp. PL-24 September, 1968 $1.45

FAITH AND VIOLENCE

Thomas Merton

Penetrative essays on the conflict between faith and violence in the 20th Century including thoughts on the death wish of our warfare economy and culture.

248 pp. July 10 $1.95

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME PRESS

Notre Dame, Indiana 46556 / London, England

Fitzhenry & Whiteside, Canadian Representative

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE STAGE

Edward Albee's new play and/or plays, *Box* and *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung,* came into New York, burdened with a reputation that set up the worst kind of expectations. Reports from Buffalo, where the work had its premiere last spring at the Festival of the Arts, told of boredom and impatience. The creators' reaction to the critical response, both public (in the *New York Times Magazine,* Albee said of the non-speaking clergyman in *Mao,* "I suppose he's sort of a critic, except that he's sober") and private (the string of silly-ass telegrams that the author, director and producer sent to a Canadian critic) suggested infantile defense of a lost cause. The production of *Box* on educational television, divorced both from its companion play and the physical theater, was as empty as a visually flat box can be. The heart of the problem is that it is impossible to describe the new work without sounding as though one were inventing a parody of the most pretentious kind of avant-garde theater. The pre-judgment was in; the verdict, willful chi-chi. So I went to *Box-Mao* expecting nothing, or worse, and found myself fascinated by play and performance alike. What Albee is up to is not so much an examination of the contemporary situation as the rhetorical and artistic means of coping with it, an implicit critique of his own work that is harsher than that made by even his most vehement critics, and he is at once fragmenting and working with conventional theater responses.

Entering the theater, one is confronted with the frame of a gigantic box, filling the stage and, since the stage is an apron, reaching into the audience. A joke about the box stage? Obviously, but it becomes more than that. Before the house lights dim, a number of spots come on, fixing the frame so that it stands out, clean, functional, empty, once the house is dark. Then a voice begins—Ruth White on tape (since she was the motel-keeper's taped voice in *America Hurrah,* she is in danger of becoming one of the best actresses *not* in the theater). Given our listening habits, the aural-visual combination on which we usually depend for concentration, a disembodied voice in the theater should be impossible to follow, particularly when the monologue runs on and on, deliberately, unhurriedly, for a great many minutes (a reported 15, but I did not time the speech). I know that when I saw the play on television, my eyes and my mind wandered the room I was in and robbed the voice of meaning, turned it into White sound. Here, however, there was only the box and the voice and they seemed to belong to one another, so I listened. The monologue is at once an evocation of nostalgia and a lecture in aesthetics. The arts are gone, the voice says, and crafts have come if not to replace them, then to occupy the vacant space. Art that hurts by telling us of our losses is the final corruption in a corrupt world, but there is still room to move around in the box and the possibility of some kind of artistic order, always on its own terms.

When the voice stills, *Mao* begins with the entrance of the man himself. He prowls the stage, the theater, the boxes, a little frightening in his mask, relentlessly quoting his Marxist platitudes. He shares the stage and the contrapuntal pattern with an old woman, played by Sudie Bond in the cartoon style she developed for Grandma in *The American Dream,* who does nothing but recite "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," Will Carleton's marvelous exercise in 1930's poetic pop-schmaltz, and with a long-winded lady, as the program identifies her, who insistently tells the mute clergyman about the time she fell or jumped or was pushed off an ocean liner like the one on which they are riding at the moment. Once the three voices are established, they are joined by lines replayed from the opening tape, and the pattern is so organized that the lines are often direct comments on or oblique jokes about the speech that immediately precedes them. Except for the surprise juxtaposition and the shared space, there should be no connection among the speaking figures; for that reason, I think that Alan Schneider, the director, was wrong to let Sudie Bond respond to the other players and direct lines to them, particularly since that over-uses her repertoire of spunky old-woman gestures that have become too pushily cute since *Dream.*

It is quickly clear that Mao's quotations, all jargonesque abstractions, and the old woman's poem, social criticism as a tear-jerker, are rhetorical devices to avoid the human situation with which they are presumably dealing, ways of not seeing reality. The tricky thing about the play is Albee's use of the long-winded lady. As she tells the story of her fall, interrupted not so much by the other characters as her own verbal mannerisms—the familiar Albee hesitations, circumlocutions, searches for the precise word, new beginnings—she describes her own life, which, for all the admission of past affection, turns out to be as empty and meaningless as one has come to expect from an Albee heroine. She repeats her reaction to the official suggestion that she may have jumped, "I have nothing to die for." The part is beautifully played by Nancy Kelly, full of nuance, suggested softness, self-irony, and it reaches through the fragmented style of the play and catches the audience conventionally, asks for identification, sympathy. Yet the story she tells—the dying husband, the defecting child—is the parallel of "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" and, even while we are being touched, we know we are being had, that her rhetoric, that of heightened realism, is also an avoidance. Contemporary drama, Albee seems to be telling us, is at its best and its most corrupt when it treats of loss, as all of Albee's work does; craft, with a little box-room and its own sense of order, can at least recognize that fact. *Box-Mao* is a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new Corpus books

AMERICAN CATHOLIC EXODUS
edited by John O'Connor
Here are the "exodus" Catholics, the dissidents challenging the Church to forge new goals, to enter fully into the life of the world by working to eradicate hunger, disease, illiteracy, poverty and war. This book examines the pain and the prospect of people who would move into the future and take the Church with them. $5.95

SEXUALITY AND MORAL RESPONSIBILITY
by Robert P. O'Neil and Michael A. Donovan.
Foreword by Gregory Baum.
The authors challenge several assumptions of current moral teaching and pastoral practice. Starting with the premise that good psychology and good morality cannot be in conflict, they analyze and reject the traditional definition of sin. They have created a realistic, adult and mature position on the various aspects of the problem of sexuality. *November 1st* $4.95

THE MODERNIST CRISIS: Von Hugel
by John J. Heaney
$8.50

TOTAL COMMITMENT: Blondel's *L'Action*
by James M. Somerville
$9.50

ABSOLUTELY NULL AND UTTERLY VOID
by John Jay Hughes
$7.95

DIMENSIONS OF THE FUTURE: The Spirituality of Teilhard de Chardin
edited by Marvin Kessler and Bernard Brown
$5.95

THE PRAYERS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT
by Donald Coggan, Archbishop of York
$4.50

THE CHANGING FACE OF CATHOLIC IRELAND
edited by Desmond Fennell
November 1st $5.95

THE HOLY SEE AND THE WAR IN EUROPE, Volume I
by Pierre Blet, *et. al.*
$12.50

OBEDIENCE AND THE CHURCH
by Karl Rahner, *et. al.*
A critical examination of the central issue besetting the Church today — authority and obedience. Representatives of the hierarchy position themselves in terms of institutional loyalties and personal conscience. What emerges is a picture of some of the leaders of the Church explaining and defending their own positions and the positions of many who are less vocal.
$6.95

THE RIGHT TO BE EDUCATED
edited by Robert F. Drinan.
Foreword by the Honorable Arthur J. Goldberg.
Introduction by Theodore M. Hesburgh.
In commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the United Nation's Declaration of Universal Human Rights, Robert Drinan, Dean of the Boston College Law School, has gathered together an expert group of lawyers, sociologists and educators who explore and explain their own conceptions of the basic human right to be educated. *November 15th* $7.50

Leaders from our Spring List

JOHN XXIII AND AMERICAN PROTESTANTS
by Eugene C. Bianchi $6.95

ABSOLUTES IN MORAL THEOLOGY?
edited by Charles Curran $6.95

OPEN TO THE SPIRIT: Religious Life after Vatican II
by Ladislas M. Orsy $6.50

Corpus Books
1330 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Send all orders to:
Corpus Books, 2231 W. 110th St., Cleveland, Ohio 44112

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo by Gloria Branfman

With cold, beautiful anger

DANIEL STERN,

author of *After the War,* has invented a microcosm as absurd as our times

THE SUICIDE ACADEMY

"In this cryptic, futuristic story, *The Suicide Academy,* 'a place where people come when they want out of everything for good,' Daniel Stern has made an anti-novel, which has the force of a poem." *Book World*

$5.95

bestsellers come from McGRAW-HILL

The Naked Ape/ King, Queen, Knave/ Soul on Ice

kind of confession, but, unlike so many confessions, one that is a pleasure to watch because it uses the tricks it admits.

Box-Mao is running in repertory—a first-rate company —with revivals of earlier Albee and Samuel Beckett plays that were successfully produced off-Broadway by the Albee-Barr-Wilder producing team. (*At the Billy Rose*)

GERALD WEALES

WILD IN ITALIAN STREETS

THE SCREEN

When I saw the attractive Capulet house in attractive Verona this summer (I'm not name-dropping; this *does* have a point) I realized Franco Zeffirelli could not have made his "Romeo and Juliet" there. He was right to seek other locations to tell his version of Shakespeare's tale of the star-cross'd lovers and set it in mid-fifteenth-century Verona but photograph it in Tuscany and Umbria, where he found the lovely old church that is the scene for Friar Laurence's church and cell, the handsome Piccolomini Palace in Pienza, which becomes the spacious Capulet house, and the town of Gubbio, whose streets are exactly right for those vicious Montague-Capulet street-fights and duels. These places and the exquisite interior sets built in Cinecitta studios are caught by Pasquale de Santis, whose beautiful color photography also does full justice to Danilo Donati's stunning Renaissance costumes and the large cast of leads and extras.

In spite of the fact that the two title players do not always come through with the beauty and depth of Shakespeare's poetry (and thus recall the old argument: should middle-aged, well-trained Jane Cowl or a correctly-aged youngster play Juliet?), 17-year-old Leonard Whiting and 15-year-old Olivia Hussey are excellent as Romeo and Juliet. While we miss the poetic readings, we are given instead the fresh good looks, the vitality, the tempestuous awakening of first real love of two teenagers who have captured the spirit, if not always the real meanings, of the lines. In any case, Zeffirelli, who wrote the screenplay with Franco Brusati and Masolino D'Amico, was not adverse to changing some of the lines and even the action in interpreting the characters; but what he came up with is a robust, *now* "Romeo and Juliet" told in lively cinematic terms that would surely have impressed even the bard himself (who indulged occasionally in popular touches to win the crowds).

More than ever before (even more than in the modern American counterpart called "West Side Story") this "Romeo and Juliet" emphasizes the youth-versus-old-age theme, the budding newcomers versus the Establishment. This teenage Romeo and Juliet, attractive young-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sters who fall madly in love, are ready to rebel against their parents' rules and are frustrated again and again. It is interesting however, as a religious note, that their rebellion does not extend to Friar Laurence (nicely played by Milo O'Shea) to whose good advice they listen and who marries them when he realizes the sincerity of their love and extent of their passion. Perhaps this Romeo, the wiser and the older of the star-cross'd lovers, does not want to break entirely from his elders; then again, it is Juliet who has the domineering father who insists on her marrying the solid, well-familied Paris.

Also interesting in this version of the story, events even more moving than the tragic fate of the two lovers, are those concerned with the other young men of Verona, the senseless street brawls that stem from the enmity between the two families. The film opens with one of these scenes, which wins the anger of the Prince of Verona (intelligently and sensitively played by Robert Stephens) who berates both Lords Montague and Capulet. Later comes that worse fight between Mercutio and Tybalt, whose characters are already well established. (Mercutio, played as an older hippie by John McEnery, started his Queen Mab speech almost unintelligibly and with a great deal of bouncing around and then settled down to allow the exquisite poetry to win us to him. Tybalt, played like a handsome bully by Michael York, succeeded in making us dislike him when he objects to Romeo's presence at the Capulet ball.) The Mercutio-Tybalt quarrel starts on a half-humorous note, becomes serious, and then deadly when the mortally wounded Mercutio tells off the fighting families with, "A plague o' both your houses." All of which leads to the terrific fight between Romeo and Tybalt, brilliantly photographed by de Santis' hand-held camera, which draws us into the pursuit and dueling and stabbing. It is these fights, meaningless, violent and deadly, which move us to tears and make us realize the futility of war.

And if young people are drawn to this "Romeo and Juliet," it is to be hoped that this lesson against war will interest them and remain with them as much as the touching story of the young lovers. But oldsters might pay attention to the lesson too—and with it they will see some of the most beautiful scenes ever filmed—particularly the Capulet ball with its grand sweep, gorgeous costumes and close-ups of Renaissance faces that are art worthy of museums.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Manners, machines and the Victorian ethic

Victorian Minds
GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB
Knopf, $8.95

Victorians and the Machine
HERBERT L. SUSSMAN
Harvard Univ. Press, $6

JAMES R. MELLOW

Victoria gave her name to the age but, Miss Himmelfarb claims, it was the eighteenth-century religious reformer, John Wesley, who gave the Victorian era something more important—its pervasive morality. Wesley's Methodism instituted, as she convincingly argues, a "conservative revolution," a call to moral rearmament that sounded in every aspect of English life.

It was the beginning of a long reign of middle-class morality. In India, in Egypt, in the world at large, Victorians were engaged in maintaining political stability; at home, they were confronted with the social disorders arising from a new technology. To both these tasks they brought a rigorous moral posture. It was the terra firma of middle-class morality which provided opposing factions—Liberals and Tories, believers and agnostics, Cardinal Manning and Mr. Gladstone—with a common meeting-ground. Victoria, her ministers, even the lower social orders, were of one mind when it came to those matters of right appearances, sportsmanship and good form which God and the English school system had ordained.

Manners became not the expression of the moral order, but its very structure. Miss Himmelfarb quotes her prototype Victorian, Edmund Burke, to this effect: "Manners are of more importance than law. . . . The law touches us but here and there and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, and insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in." It is easy to see how such a view lent itself to caricature and to later charges of hypocrisy. One pictures the Victorian gentleman, in desperate straits, in Khartoum or in Harley Street, maintaining a stiff upper lip and breathing deeply. Even Miss Himmelfarb resorts to caricature when dealing with Leslie Stephen, the High Victorian writer and biographer, the father of Virginia Woolf, whose ethical views she suggests came straight from the playing fields at Eton and Cambridge.

Still, it is one of the virtues of Miss Himmelfarb's "Study of Intellectuals in Crisis" that she has been able to take a subject so close to caricature and invest it with extraordinary interest and complexity. It is this that gives her book its meaningful substance and not, as some reviewers have found, the anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Liberal tendentiousness of her essays. On the latter score, she does give us a rewarding exposé of Jeremy Bentham, the Utilitarian philosopher and Radical humanist, with his inhuman scheme for the Panopticon, a "model" prison right out of George Orwell. In this ill-fated project, prisoners were to be placed under the constant surveillance and work-directives of Big Brother—none other than Bentham himself, who saw the scheme as a profitable enterprise.

Even more valuable is her analysis of the complex motivating forces behind the Reform Act of 1867, the political event by which England was transformed into a democracy. In Miss Himmelfarb's view, the "Great Reform Act," as she terms it, was not the example of Liberal generosity that liberal historians would have us believe. She awards the credit to the adroit manipulations of Disraeli, the Conservative leader, who saw that the enfranchisement of the working-class would not, as many Liberals feared, result in a take-over by the uneducated proletariat, but in the establishment of a new and useful constituency—Her Majesty's working-class. The conservative bias of her book, however, does present some difficulties. Her essay, for example, on John Buchan, the novelist and politician whose racist and anti-Semitic views she attempts to explain away, is the kind of special pleading one feels she would hardly allow from a supporter of Bentham.

With the exception of John Stuart Mill, Miss Himmelfarb's essays are not devoted to the major figures of the period—to Carlyle or Newman, Arnold or Disraeli (although they figure in the book)—but to a lower echelon of Victorian worthies: Walter Bagehot, Stephen, Lord Acton, John Anthony Froude—writers and intellectuals who are less well-known and around whom, presumably, the sum of misunderstandings has not yet crystallized. One comes to them, therefore, with fewer preconceptions. What she is doing, it seems to me, is welling from below, raising the dust, calling for a new deal for the pantheon of eminent Victorians. Her own political views, her sharp eye for the inaccuracies and falsifications of other historians, provide the reader with fresh insights into an age that has been too readily written off. It is a brilliant and provocative book.

Mr. Sussman's study deals with that other feature of Victorian life, the *angst* that accompanied technology. His essays are devoted to major literary figures—from Carlyle and Ruskin to Wells and Kipling—and their ambivalent responses to the Industrial Revolution. His story of intellectuals in crisis ranges from the early cautious optimism about the progressive benefits of the machine to the later dire predictions of the mechanized hells of the future.

It begins, auspiciously enough, with the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830. From there, it runs its course through blasted hopes and blighted landscapes. At first, Carlyle made a hero of the technician and inventor. But gradually, he grew to detest the mechanization of life that technology introduced: "Has any man, or any society of men, a truth to speak, a piece of spiritual work to do; they can nowise proceed at once and with the mere natural organs, but must first call a public meeting, appoint committees, issue prospectuses, eat a public dinner; in a word, construct or borrow machinery, wherewith to speak it and do it." Even education, he found, was being "conducted in the gross, by proper mechanism, with such intellect as comes to hand." Carlyle's ambivalence ("The likest thing to a Faust's flight on the Devil's mantle," is how he described his first railway excursion to London) was repeated, with variations, in Ruskin and Morris, Dickens and Wells.

Around the 1850's, Sussman claims, the literary response to technology turned sour. Twenty years after the bright hopes, it became clear that the evils of the new technology—unemployment among unskilled and uneducated laborers, polluted rivers, foul air—could no longer be looked upon as temporary aberrations: they had become a way of life. The train became a symbol for the amoral force of technology. In Dickens' *Dombey and Son* it is used as an image of death and

SHEED & WARD

Now, more than ever, in the vanguard of religious thought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMFORT MY PEOPLE

The Pastoral Presence of the Church

by EUGENE C. KENNEDY, M.M.

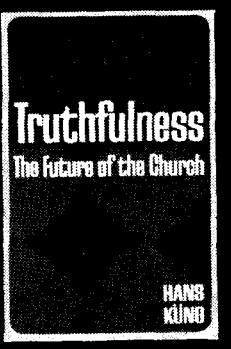
This stimulating book by the author of *Fashion Me a People* "shows all the People of God how they can be more effective agents of the Holy Spirit in the work of redemption. Brimful of fresh and penetrating insights into human nature."
– REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, University of Notre Dame. $4.95

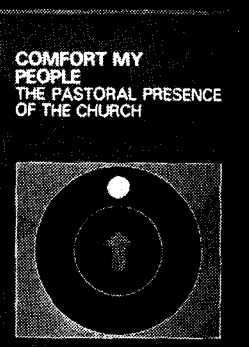
FASHION ME A PEOPLE

Man, Woman and the Church

by EUGENE C. KENNEDY, M.M.

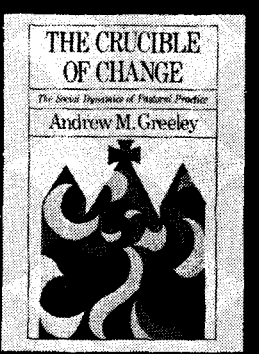
An American priest-psychologist charges that the real crisis of the Church today is the failure of too many people within it to achieve personal maturity. "Father Kennedy's authority and reputation as a distinguished psychologist give the book a weight which will assure it acceptance by responsible Christians . . . One of the few books on the subject that may be called constructive."
– *Kirkus Service.*
$4.50

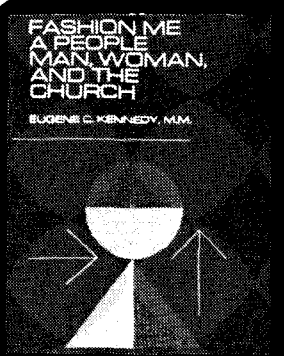




THE CHURCH

BY HANS KÜNG





TRUTHFULNESS: THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH

by HANS KUNG

One of the most influential of today's Catholic theologians maintains that the problems of the contemporary Church will be solved only by truthfulness. The author of THE CHURCH – currently a best-seller – dissects the crisis in Catholicism today and prescribes remedies with the cogency and clarity for which he is renowned. Of special interest are Father Küng's views on the recent papal encyclical, *Humanae Vitae.* $4.50

THE CHURCH

by HANS KUNG

"A magnificent study." – *Times Literary Supplement* (London). "Hans Küng has produced a masterful, systematic ecclesiology. His basis is almost entirely biblical . . . This systematic approach enables him to deal with the unity, catholicity, holiness and apostolicity in a new way."
– *The Ecumenist.*
$6.95

THE CRUCIBLE OF CHANGE

The Social Dynamics of Pastoral Practice

by ANDREW M. GREELEY

"Replete with splendid and stimulating suggestions for the improvement and quickening of the life and activity of the Church and its pastoral ministry from the sociological viewpoint." –
– REV. JOHN A. O'BRIEN, University of Notre Dame. $4.50

At your bookstore, or from
SHEED & WARD
64 University Place,
New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destruction. Ruskin warned against the inanity of speed: "There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast." For Matthew Arnold, the train became a mere conveyance, shuttling the traveler from "an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell."

It was, then, the best of times *and* the worst of times. Victoria, in her incredibly long reign, became the paradigm of endurance and stubborn morality in a life that saw the promises of democracy and technology—and the evils thereof. But above all, it was an age of magnificent oratory: from the pulpit, the lectern, the backbenches, Victorians fulminated, prophesied, moralized. A century earlier, the French had enshrined Reason in the service of their revolution. With that example clearly in mind, the English installed Rhetoric in its place. It made all the difference in their world.

The Suicide Academy

DANIEL STERN

McGraw-Hill, $5.95

ALAN HARRINGTON

The kind of reviewer who seizes upon a book in order to go on about himself and his own ideas has become a pox on our culture. The temptation will be avoided here, but in fairness to Daniel Stern I must acknowledge having just completed a book in which suicide is projected at length as an attempt at rebirth and also as a work of art. Mr. Stern, to the contrary, has his director of the Suicide Academy muse: "Suicides were the aristocrats of death—God's graduate students, acting out their theses to prove how limited were the alternatives He had allowed Himself and His creatures. Their act was, at its best, [my italics] *superb literary criticism. . . .*"

For whatever reason, this approach to self-inflicted death makes me uncomfortable. So too does Daniel Stern's occasionally brilliant but too often exasperatingly diffuse and sketchy book. I feel as though a good man, and also an accomplished writer, were putting me and himself on, treating with alternating sincerity and over-cleverness practically the most important subject in the world.

This is all the more regrettable because he starts with the makings of a classic fable. In an Orwellian world of the near future, great numbers of people —driven to the edge of meaninglessness —come to the Suicide Academy to make a final decision: will they go ahead and kill themselves or return to life? We learn from the thirty-year-old Academy Director, Wolf Walker, the "I" of the story, that a curriculum examining every aspect of suicide and the reasons for it is offered to the candidates for extinction or return. Administration policy is to present the alternatives in absolutely disinterested fashion, with no bias either toward life or death.

During their brief stay the guests, or inmates, also interact with one another, exploring each other's psyches, making love, arguing and fighting. We have then the familiar but always promising "Grand Hotel" situation in which a group of life-travelers find themselves contained in a structure of some sort, with time running out.

Given Mr. Stern's scene-by-scene craftsmanship, frequently sharp dialogue, flashy but funny interludes of zen by-play, and his urgent philosophical concerns, you would expect to be reading a provocative and exciting novel. But somehow things don't add up that way.

Why? For one thing, Mr. Stern has many stories. There are too many flashbacks, sorties into the past, and extended reflections taking place on a variety of time levels. In a morality tale of this sort, you have got to keep the story going on a single plane of action, or run the risk that the reader's suspension of disbelief will fall away, and that he will begin to wonder whether, for instance, there really *is* a Suicide Academy. Fantasy above all must be made real, and it must be detailed. By insisting on detail in *1984* Orwell kept us worried and frightened, and never let the reader get away.

Here the Suicide Academy and its procedures appear all too vaguely, and the activities going on inside mostly take place, or we must presume take place, off-stage. Thrust into this timeless scene, in which the Play is no longer the Thing, we have a number of subsidiary developments which successively run off with the novel, leaving the Academy empty. The trouble is that they generally turn out to be more interesting than the suicide-situation itself, which at times seems almost forgotten.

Especially good is an intermittent dialogue between the director, who is Jewish, and Gilliatt, his savagely anti-semitic black deputy, including such observation as: "'You Jews,' Gilliatt had said to me, 'use knowledge to fight off anxiety, the way we *goyim* use tranquilizers. As soon as you *know* something, you feel you can control it. And you're so damned afraid of everything, you have to know everything. There's no end to your search for knowledge, because there's no end to your fear.'" Subsequent exchanges between the black militant and Jewish director, culminating in Gilliatt's bringing Walker before the Academy board on charges of loading the curriculum to create a pro-life bias, make up the best parts of the novel.

A less effective sub-plot deals with the arrival of the director's former wife, Jewel, and Max Cardillo, a madman-photographer for whom she had left Wolf Walker. Supposedly they are to take films of the Academy, but it may also be that one or both will opt for suicide. This leads to an emotional second time around for all concerned.

Meanwhile no one seems to be minding the Academy. Wolf Walker declares that "I work in suicide the way a sculptor works in metal." Perhaps, but he tends to be too airy about it: "There had been much investigation done at the Academy on suicide as a contagious disease, but nothing definitive had ever been worked up." We are left with that. "The contagion of suicide . . ." A curious and interesting idea. How does it work? How *would* it work? If the author cannot be sure, a little speculation, please. A wild suggestion. Something.

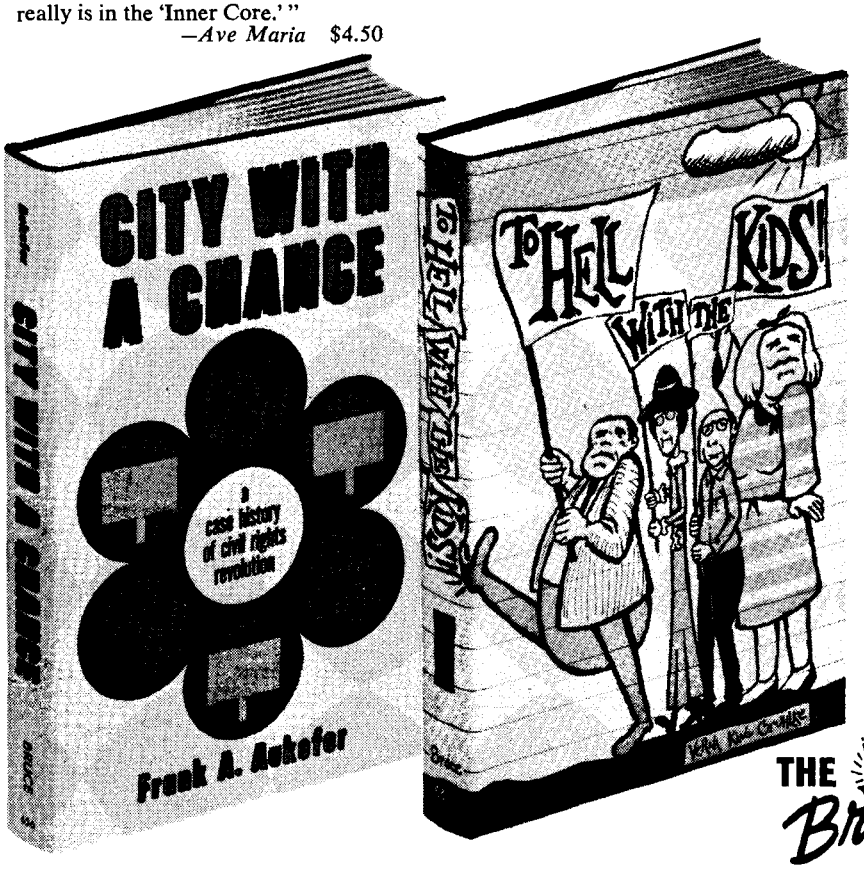
Mr. Stern has a way of breaking off

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Law, Order, Justice... In our streets, in our schools.

CITY WITH A CHANCE
A Case History of Civil Rights Revolution
Frank A. Aukofer
This issue-by-issue account tells how Milwaukee – long noted for beer, bratwurst and hospitality – became a storm center of black protest in the summer of 1967. "The book takes its readers behind the facade created by the headlines and shows them how it really is in the 'Inner Core.' "
—Ave Maria $4.50

TO HELL WITH THE KIDS
Verna King Gruhlke
After thirty years at the blackboard, a successful teacher goes after all the sacred cows – meddling PTA's, the bureaucracy, self-seeking superiors – that stand between teacher and child. The wonder of it is Mrs. Gruhlke's pervasive sense of humor and insistence that – even now – something can be done. $4.95



THE BIBLE FOR EVERYONE
Virginia Mary Heffernan
This brief survey of the major events of Sacred Scripture forcefully reminds readers that the Bible's message must be applied to their own lives. $4.95

LOOK AROUND, PILGRIM
Christopher William Jones
In a series of prayers and ponderings the articulate, controversial author of *Listen, Pilgrim* offers "beautiful testimony to one man's drive toward a divine milieu."*—Ave Maria* $3.95

THE CHANGING FACE OF THEOLOGY
Patrick Fannon, S.M.M.
An understandable guide through the cacophony of terms and the morass of "systems" which constitute contemporary theology and a persuasively argued prognosis of what Catholic theology will look like tomorrow. $3.95

INTRODUCTION TO CATECHETICS
Edited by the Rev. Peter de Rosa
Top-notch authorities provide an in-depth evaluation of catechetics today covering these areas: What We Teach; Whom We Teach; and How We Teach. Paper, $2.75

THE CHRISTIAN MEANING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT
Norbert Lohfink, S.J.
Inerrant word of God or collection of myths and fables? A noted biblical scholar submits a compelling brief in support of the Old Testament's authenticity and relevance to contemporary man. $4.95

Wherever fine books are sold

Publishers of the exciting quarterly:
CURRENT SCRIPTURE NOTES
(yearly subscription, $2.00)

THE Bruce
PUBLISHING COMPANY
172 Bruce Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Not since Michelangelo has there been such a close relationship between an artist and a pope"

An Artist and the Pope

By Curtis Bill Pepper

The moving, intimate story of the unusual friendship between Pope John XXIII and the communist artist Giacomo Manzu. A relationship that culminated in Manzu's famous doors for St. Peter's in Rome and a series of remarkable sculpted portraits of the Pope. In telling the story, Curtis Pepper, former Chief of Newsweek's Rome office, uses Manzu's own personal recollections, together with 36 pages of drawings and photographs of his sculpture. Some in full color, and many created especially for this book. The result is a biographical masterpiece with significance for all.

$9.95

A GINIGER BOOK

GROSSET & DUNLAP, INC.
51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

philosophical exploration with gags and vaudeville capers, as if to say: "Now wait a minute, in case you're bored with the heavy stuff, did you hear the one about . . .?" Thus, dialogues are juxtaposed against a prolonged skating scene, a snowball fight, and Wolf Walker's need to empty his bladder. But as it turns out the heavy stuff is better than the comedy relief. The reader wants to say: "Forget the two-a-day routines! You're not dragging us at all. Get on with it. Work!" Because the author does not, the calamity that overtakes the vaguely-sketched academy, and Wolf Walker's hope of rebirth thereafter, do not move us as they might.

The difficulty may be cued by Mr. Stern himself. Wolf Walker cannot make up his mind whether to be a poet or a clown, and tries both roles. But each role robs the other; the poet and clown in Daniel Stern's vision steal scenes from one another, and this is too bad. There is a fine novel inherent in *The Suicide Academy,* but in great part it has been stage-managed away.

Anna Karenina And Other Essays

F. R. LEAVIS

Pantheon, $5.95

MARTIN GREEN

This collection of literary criticism is clearly the work of a distinguished mind, as its author would say, and the main thing is to salute that mind, for its manifold achievements, its long and strenuous career.

Partly because space is short, the best way for me to do that is to reflect on that mind's character, as it manifests itself in these essays. The first thing that struck me was a certain conservatism—I don't use the word just pejoratively, of course. In the first essay, on *Anna Karenina,* Leavis assumes with no apparent hesitation that Tolstoy had his values right when he was a novelist and wrong later when he repudiated his art. And in the last essay, on the *Lady Chatterley* trial, he asserts without qualification that Lawrence, when he wrote that novel, had forgotten what marriage was like, and that the novel is therefore bad.

He often asserts that Tolstoy is much the greater because he *did* know what marriage is like, and he attributes Lawrence's ignorance to Frieda's being an "immoral German aristocrat," more like Stepan Oblonsky than Anna. I think that is unfair to Frieda, and I think Tolstoy's later radicalism was heroic in a way I at least can't afford to dismiss, but I am not concerned so much to quarrel with this conservatism as to describe it. On the whole it has been a source of strength to Leavis to have been so sure that the preservation of a marriage and the writing of novels are supreme life-values.

He has of course his own radicalism, or radicalisms. There is first the historical radicalism that shows itself in his writing about Bunyan, his close personal sympathy with the puritan preacher. This sympathy is perhaps local as well as historical; one suspects that Leavis has appropriated Bunyan as a precursor, affiliated himself to him. "John Bunyan was born in 1628, near the market town of Bedford. Bedford lies 30 miles to the west along the road that runs a hundred yards from where I write. 15 miles northward from here (from Cambridge, that is) lies Huntingdon, county town of the shire where Cromwell farmed. Puritanism was not confined to any part of England; it was pervasive and had many centers, but this eastern region was one where it was notably strong."

I called this historical radicalism because it seems to express itself in sympathy with radical or working-class writers of the past. When we turn to the present, we don't find that Leavis' interest has gone to such writers—with the notable exception of D. H. Lawrence. James and Conrad, Eliot and Yeats, these are far from working class or politically radical. They are not even English, which is another paradox, for "Englishness" is a significant concept to Leavis. The reason his interest has gone to them is that they are exponents in English writing of the modernist movement, of that international aesthetic movement which was largely evaded,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ignored, in England. Leavis was too fine a critic not to respond to what was liveliest in contemporary writing, even at the cost of strain to his cultural conservatism, his "Englishness." This response, this sympathy on his part may not improperly be called a second radicalism, of a very different kind.

He needs to combine his conservatism with his radicalism before his critical focus becomes sharpest. And perhaps a third component is also necessary—some first-hand knowledge of the culture to which the literature belongs. I say this because I am looking for an explanation of why his remarks on American books are—to my judgment—so wrong. When he talks about a novel by Mark Twain or Scott Fitzgerald, I not only cannot find any reference to the book I read, I really cannot guess how he transformed the original text into the system of significances he is talking about. He seems to have some very clear (to him) idea of what American culture is like, and to see for instance *Pudd'nhead Wilson* as referring to this idea all the time both by what it says and by what it doesn't. I cannot imagine that he would make such leaps of interpretation in discussing any British writer, and I suggest that that is because he has more multiple ideas of what British culture is like.

I see I have begun to criticize rather than to salute and in fact though this collection is the work of a distinguished mind, it is not very useful. It does not tell you many things you remember about the books it discusses. It is even more the work of a powerful temperament, and one which is by now in some sense talking to itself. For instance, though the essay on Bunyan keeps asserting that he is a highly gifted creative writer, I don't know why it says so, I don't know what it means. Leavis hasn't said to himself "Will the reader know what I mean?" And as well as this blurring of focus there is of course a lot of delicate and tortuous recrimination. The essay on Eliot, though interesting, is ultimately embarrassing, it seems to me, because of the highly personal things to Eliot's discredit which it so plainly hints, and even more because

Three cheers for Kenneth Hamilton, Theologian Extraordinaire.

rah!

"Kenneth Hamilton, one of the brightest conservatives in sight . . ."
Martin E. Marty, National Catholic Reporter

rah!

"Kenneth Hamilton is one of the keenest analysts and theological watchdogs for classical Christianity in our present-day picture . . ."
Joseph Fletcher, author Situation Ethics

rah!

". . . a real addition to the current theological discussion . . . (does) a masterful job in unmasking a number of claims of newness."
William E. Hordern, Lutheran Theological Seminary

Here's what prompted these remarks:

LIFE IN ONE'S STRIDE: *A Study in Dietrich Bonhoeffer by Kenneth Hamilton* Dr. Hamilton shows there is more to Bonhoeffer than can be skimmed quickly from the surface of his work. Surprisingly, many proponents of a "Secular Christianity"—who frequently claim Bonhoeffer as their inspiration—are shown as plainly contradicting both the letter and spirit of his teaching. 80 Pages. Paper $1.45

WHAT'S NEW IN RELIGION? *by Kenneth Hamilton* A critical study of New Theology, New Morality and Secular Christianity. Cuts through jargon and confusion to emerge with sane evaluations of the latest fads and fashions in theology. Hamilton concludes by directing the church toward a way of commitment and renewal. 160 Pages. Cloth $3.95

Also worth shouting about...

THE REALITY OF FAITH *by H. M. Kuitert* A deep and penetrating analysis of the anti-metaphysical trend of modern theology by the Professor of Ethics of the Free University of Amsterdam in which he attempts to combine the best elements of both metaphysically oriented theology and existentialism. 213 Pages. Cloth $5.50

"If all 'evangelical' theology began where Kuitert does, it could go back into business as an option for serious people."—**Christian Century**

8-53
At your bookseller's

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the parade of scrupulousness and delicacy which only whets the reader's appetite for the indiscretions to come.

But the work of a distinguished mind it plainly proves itself to be, on page after page, and as such it is to be saluted.

The Right People

STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM

Little Brown, $10

JOE FLAHERTY

Finally there seems to be a literary formula that will insure success—indeed, it is "success" itself! The barnyards and the outhouses of God's Little Acre are part of the '30s. What turns on the readers of the '60s are the mansions and marble bathrooms of the rich, the famous, the powerful.

Conceive a work where a black Vice President (definitely not one of Our Crowd) has a chance to become The Man (even though he is a Carpetbagger) till someone discovers he had an affair with a famous Broadway singer in a swimming pool in the Valley of the Dolls and realizes he is not fit to be the Best Man. What insures success is the reader's ability to guess the players without a scorecard. Is that Broadway belter really . . .? is that political egghead really . . .? and by God that carpetbagger *is* none other than. . . In his new book, *The Right People,* a study of Society in America, Stephen Birmingham has delivered a haircut on the above genre. The difference is that Birmingham has provided us with a scorecard.

The problem with the book, like its title (sarcastic or fawning?) is that it is totally lacking in a point of view. Birmingham doesn't seem to know what to make out of his Right People. He is neither social critic nor propagandist—he merely acts as a sponge who absorbs every trivial tidbit the rich have to offer.

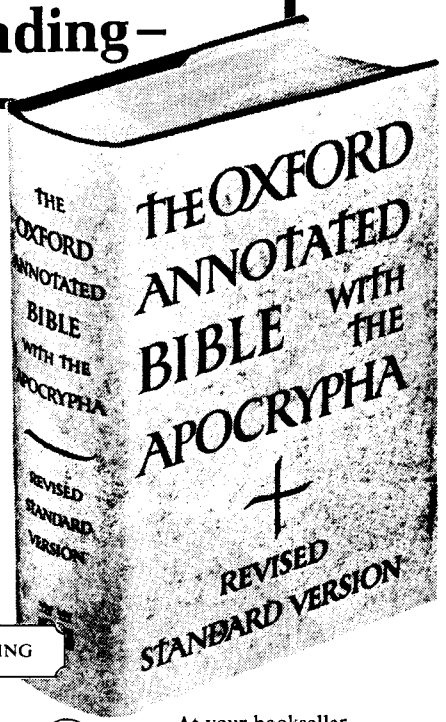
And is there a mountain of trivia. Birmingham opens his book with a personal experience he suffered at a society party when he was a boy. At this party the young people were served sauterne or tomato juice and creamed chicken in timbales and petits fours. While carrying a plate of food for a young lady back to a table young Birmingham's cumberbund begins to slip and while attempting to hold up his pants with his elbows he spills the food down the sleeve of his dinner jacket. Recounting his dilemma to a lady a few days later he discovers he wasn't at a *real* society party at all when the lady's only reaction to his plight is: "Do you mean they served sauterne and not Dubonnet? How dreadful!"

Then we are privy to a conversation between two society people concerning the validity of Richard Powell's *The Philadelphian.* The book opens with a fictional society bride and groom settled in their wedding night rooms at the Bellevue-Stratford. The bride discovering her husband is impotent runs out onto the street and picks up a construction worker who is not only potent but obviously a stud who guarantees live foals since he impregnates her on their first union. Meanwhile the distraught groom races out into the night in his fast sportscar and is killed in an accident. All this, "I simply found impossible to believe," says society he; "I completely agree," says society she. "Nobody would ever spend their wedding night at the Bellevue-Stratford." And so on ad infinitum we get these airy balloons that Noel Coward mistook for wit and construction workers rightfully recognized as ball-less humor.

And then we are subjected to the Right People's idea of taste. Taste is dances with Lester Lanin music and more balloons floating down from the ceiling. Taste is the exclusion of Jews and Negroes from every portion of their life. Taste is dreary dress styles so that one does not look "Too ostentatious." In short, it's vogue-ish to be drab.

One would think Mr. Birmingham could have recognized this fact and had some salty fun with his material instead of merely serving as a recorder. Imagine Mencken encountering one Mrs. Michael Tobin (a sure-fire candidate for

To get the most out of Bible reading—



THE OXFORD ANNOTATED BIBLE WITH THE APOCRYPHA brings to Bible study deeper meaning and understanding. Page-by-page annotations and notes clarify the more difficult passages; introductions to each book and major divisions supply essential background. Study helps include supplementary articles about the Bible and its setting, together with 28 pages of full-color Bible maps with index. Convenient to hold and to carry. 1,938 pages, popularly priced at $10.50.

Imprimatur: RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING

Two de luxe gift styles

Moroccoette **08801A,** $14.95
French Morocco **08803A,** $19.95

At your bookseller
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Mrs. Francis Macomber Award). This lady of breeding tells the author: "Even to people I didn't really want to meet, I'd serve wine—and not a California wine, either. As for food, we simply won't serve the ordinary. Steak is for butchers." And alas here lies the fault of the book. The material and the way it is handled make for bloodless fare.

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon

MARJORIE KELLOGG

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95

RICHARD STAUB

There is pleasure in reading novels which, though not particularly original in story or characters, are touching in their honesty and charm. *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon,* a first novel by Marjorie Kellogg, is reminiscent of Carson McCullers, but it also has its own sense of suffering and life.

Junie Moon is a slight, homely woman who was beaten and burned with acid by her boy friend when she was twenty-five. "[Her] face and hands looked as if they had been blasted off." Junie Moon and two other patients, Warren and Arthur, are in a hospital for difficult injuries and illnesses, and are about to be discharged. Warren was shot in the back by a friend when he was seventeen; is now paralyzed from the waist down and confined to a wheelchair. He was raised by a writer and then by his grandmother. Neither knew much about children.

Arthur mysteriously started having fits when he was twelve and was put in a school for the feeble-minded at eighteen. His walk is like an exaggerated stutter and his hands flutter about his face when he becomes excited. Arthur has a neurological disease which both he and his doctors know is fatal.

Since each is in some way severely handicapped and therefore apprehensive of his return to the world outside, they decide to live together when they are released.

The remainder of the novel explores with gentle wit how each char-

HOW FAR HAVE WE COME SINCE POPE JOHN?

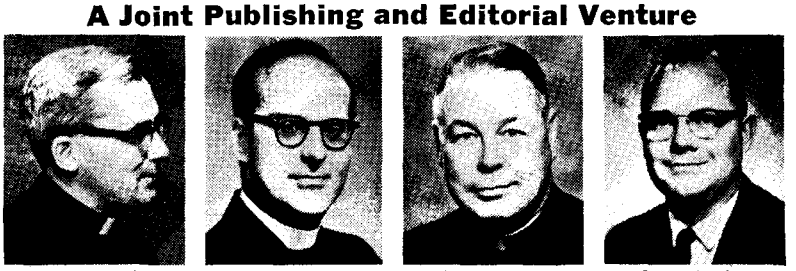
When Pope John called for an ecumenical council, all Christian churches were to feel the effect of this world-shaking move. Vatican II is history. But its repercussions continue. How far have we come? What can we expect?

Some obvious signs of growth and ferment are reported from time to time in the general press. But it has been impossible to learn what's happening at the grass roots—as well as at other levels from one regular source. This is the purpose of an ecumenical publishing first —a joint venture of the National Council of Churches and Our Sunday Visitor Press, entitled

unity trends

Here the editors report on ecumenism—that which is new, that which is developing, that which will form the basis for future action, as well as the pronouncements of the leaders in the field. This bi-monthly (except August) 22 issues per year, is a merger of two earlier periodicals: Direction Unity (Catholic) and Faith and Unity (National Council of Churches).

A Joint Publishing and Editorial Venture



Rev. Robt. Caul, S.A. | Rev. Wm. A. Norgren | Rev. David Bowman, S.J. | Dr. Richard Johnson

Consultants to the publication are the ecumenical officers of the Protestant and Catholic churches and the Bishops' Committee for Ecumenical and Religious Affairs. The Rev. William A. Norgren is the editor-in-chief; the Rev. Robert Caul, S.A., the news editor; the Rev. David Bowman, S.J., roving editor; and Dr. Richard Johnson of the NCC Faith and Order Department, documents editor.

Subscription rate is low!

UNITY TRENDS' subscription rate has been kept as low as possible—22 issues for only $3.00. When 10 or more copies are sent to a single address, the rate is reduced to 10¢ per copy—$2.20 each per year.

To know what's going on and what will be happening in the movement towards Christian unity, all involved in this field—clergy, religious and laity—will find UNITY TRENDS *indispensable reading.*

SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

Clip and Mail

Our Sunday Visitor Press • Noll Plaza • Huntington, Ind. 46750

Gentlemen:

I wish to receive UNITY TRENDS for the next year—(22 issues) @ $3 per year.

☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Bill me

☐ Send me ..... copies of each issue at 10¢ per copy (minimum order, 10)

☐ Bill me monthly ☐ Bill me for the year.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... **State** ..... **Zip** .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

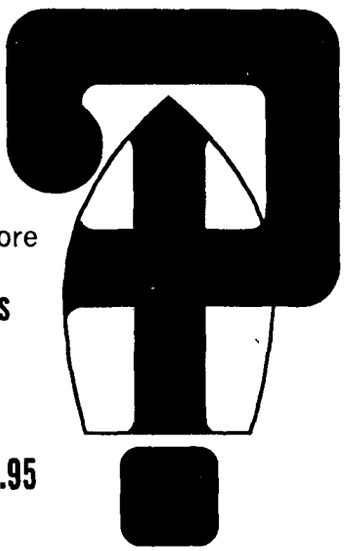
infallibility and the evidence

By Francis Simons, Bishop of Indore

One of the Most Important Religious Statements of the Century

A Roman Catholic Bishop questions the doctrine of Papal infallibility.

$4.95



TEMPLEGATE
Publishers
P. O. Box 963 • Springfield, Ill. 62705

Vital books for the churchman in a season of growing doubt

Martin Luther King, Jr.

HIS LIFE, MARTYRDOM AND MEANING FOR THE WORLD

By WILLIAM ROBERT MILLER. An authoritative, thoroughly documented biography—the product of two years of work—by a prominent advocate of nonviolence and campaigner for racial equality. Highlights from Dr. King's own writings and addresses, photographs and maps of the marches, bibliography and index. "A superb achievement."—MALCOLM BOYD.
October $7.50

The Search for Meaningful Existence

By CHARLES B. KETCHAM. A compelling exposition of the New Humanism that selects those contemporary moral values relevant for modern believers and agnostics alike. $6.50

God and Sons

By DEWI MORGAN. A wise and worldly minister traces the unexpected workings of God in the seemingly mindless progress of modern science and the frightening process of modern life. $6.50

W·T All bookstores **WEYBRIGHT AND TALLEY**

acter comes to terms with his affliction and need for love.

The story begins like a fairy tale: such afflictions, so matter-of-factly stated, can only be the result of some strange curse. This intensity is lost the more involved one becomes in the day-to-day life of the patients. Since each catastrophe happened almost arbitrarily, each deformity seems more a Chinese mask used, not to hide, but to express the problems and needs of each of the three. The plot is mostly divertissement. The basic action is leaving the world of the sick, to enter the world of the healthy and finding finally a bit of love and acceptance by that world.

The novel is about the condition of mutilation, and the pain of a soul caught inside such a battered shell. The disfigurement of the body and deprivation of the emotions merge together in Junie Moon. At various points in the book, the pain of her isolation pierces through her wit and gracious black humor and then the novel has its own significance and honesty.

The story occasionally becomes snagged on characters which are clichés, like the authoritarian head nurse, or which are introduced for the sake of incident. Often the wit seems lame and tired and Junie Moon, Warren and Arthur go a little out of focus as characters once they leave the hospital.

But for the most part, *Junie Moon* has its own world, its own sense of fragility and gentleness, its own wit and suffering, and such virtues as make it pleasant to read.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

REVIEWERS

JAMES R. MELLOW is a free-lance writer and critic.

MARTIN GREEN is the author of *The Problem of Boston* (Norton).

ALAN HARRINGTON's most recent novel was *The Secret Swinger*. His new non-fiction work, *The Immortalist*, will be published by Random House next spring.

JOE FLAHERTY has written for the *Village Voice* and *New York Magazine*, among others.

RICHARD STAUB is a free-lance writer and critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 101)

being established, if, perhaps, some day it may be. The Vietnamese cannot imagine that the Americans are sincere when they profess to be seeking peace. In their eyes, everything proves the contrary. Therefore, they absolutely do not believe in the sincerity of the peace offers."

There, expressed in a few words, is the reason why Hanoi has been, and is, unwilling to initiate negotiations. The reasons for this disbelief in anything that President Johnson or his aides may say have been presented many times both here in the United States and in other lands . . .

1,029 PRIVATE PRAYERS FOR WORLDLY CHRISTIANS

Gerard A. Pottebaum and Joyce Winkel

The do-it-yourself prayer book that's like nothing you've ever seen before.

Pages split three ways offer 1,029 possible arrangements of scriptural prayers, significant photographs and advertising slogans — 1,029 visual experiences that focus your attention and channel your thinking.

1,029 PRIVATE PRAYERS FOR WORLDLY CHRISTIANS is the book that brings meditation out of the cloister and into the now world. Spiralbound and slipcased, $5.95 At your bookstore.

PFLAUM PRESS 38 WEST FIFTH STREET DAYTON, OHIO 45402

PITTSBURGH, PA.

KIRNER's

Catholic Book Store

Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania

309 Market Street

Phone: CO 1-2326 and 1-2327

It appears to be that, at present: "What you (the U. S. Administration) do speaks so loudly, I (North Vietnam leaders) cannot hear a word that you say." That is where the situation in Vietnam seems to be bogged down at present.

PAUL M. ATKINS

Humphrey & McCarthy

Dearborn Hgts., Mich.

To the Editors: There is such a thing as going overboard. I have no great liking for Mr. Humphrey and was a supporter of Sen. McCarthy; however, it is ignorant to say, as John Quirk does [Sept. 20], that Humphrey is to the right of Nixon. Mr. Humphrey has an excellent record on civil rights, social welfare, disarmament, and even free speech. Mr. Nixon has the record of a red baiter, go-slow conservative, and naive law-and-order opportunist.

It is also ignorant to place Roosevelt, the Kennedys and McCarthy on one side of the party and Truman, Johnson and Humphrey on the other. Roosevelt was probably the most conservative of the lot who cannily introduced progressive measures to stall the rise of political extremes and thereby save the capitalist system. The Kennedys were never great liberals and hardly radicals, but merely perceptive pragmatic politicians who took each problem as it arose. Truman and Johnson have both supported and prosecuted progressive (albeit inadequate) programs.

In the politics of choosing the lesser of evils (which unfortunately our inadequate democracy forces on us), Mr. Humphrey is surely that lesser evil.

HUBERT GALLAGHER

East Sandwich, Mass.

To the Editors: In the Sept. 10 issue, John Deedy refers to the "shallowness" of Senator McCarthy's reaction to the news from Czechoslovakia . . . Senator McCarthy was not suggesting that the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia was to be condoned, but that President Johnson's alarums and excursions in the middle of the night would have little effect on moving the Soviet tanks out of Prague. He was not suggesting that the

The Church and the Second Sex

by MARY DALY

"A hard-hitting, highly original, and even revolutionary little book unmasking the latent anti-feminism in so much Catholic thinking and practice . . . how this supposed idealization of women in fact masks a mutilation of human persons—both men and women."
—THOMAS MERTON $4.95

Ferment in Catholic thought

America's Forgotten Priests

What They Are Saying

by JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

The controversial findings of the first scientific survey of Roman Catholic priests in the U.S. More than 3,000 priests speak out. "Trail-blazing and invaluable. Deserves and needs to be pondered by everyone closely concerned with the American priesthood."—*The National Catholic Reporter* $6.95

The Faith of the Atheist

by ARTHUR GIBSON

"A believer's thoughtful and truthful attempt to study atheism with the seriousness, openness, and honesty it deserves. Its implications will be overlooked or resisted only at the peril of the truth of faith."—LESLIE DEWART
(*November*) $5.95

At your bookseller

Harper & Row
1817

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVE two-thirds of the single-copy price

17 Issues for $2

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y., 10016

Please send the next 17 issues to:

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip Code....

☐ I prefer a regular one-year subscription at $10. 10/25/68

situation was morally tolerable, but that the United States, on account of its policy in Vietnam, was not in a position to point out how indefensible it is. He was not saying that the situation was not serious, but that it did not create a "major international crisis." It does not. One columnist after another has pointed out that the Russians had what amounted to a green light from the United States before they went ahead. So long as we are allowed to maintain our spheres of influence in South America and Southeast Asia we cannot afford to object when the Russians do the same thing in Eastern Europe . . .

When Senator McCarthy continues to press the central issue, even when the emotional charge is as high as it was among decent people agonizing over the destruction of Czech liberty for the second time in 20 years, I don't think he should be penalized for it. . . .

HARRIET MAROT TAYLOR

Humanae Vitae

Petaluma, Calif.

To the Editors: For some years the issue of artificial birth control has been a difficult issue for many doctors like myself who feel that it is morally wrong. Most people do not go deeply into this problem, and the pill, diaphragm, IUD, vasectomy, and such, have seemed to be an easy solution. We have advised (rhythm) periodic continence, but realize it is far less effective. We felt that the Holy Father could never approve of artificial birth control. For the past 4 or 5 years, I have told my patients that this whole problem will be solved.

Let me pose a question: if a woman knew exactly when she ovulates, would there be any need for artificial birth control? At present, we have at least 4 or 5 tests to determine this, including basal temperature, glucose paper, spinbarkeit, etc, none of which is accurate enough to be completely reliable, but all together can add to accuracy. Our research should be able to come up with more simple and reliable methods. The above methods are now being used from a different approach as follows:

If a woman can be so regulated that she knows exactly when her ovulation occurs, there should be no need for the use of artificial birth control. Such a condition is close to reality. We have a number of patients on medication (chiefly progesterone Day 15-Day 25) to achieve ovulation on the 14th day of each cycle, with good success. This method was tested out by Dr. Harold Groden of Norwood, Massachussets, on multipara who are completely irregular. Rate of pregnancy has been approximately 4% where the pill is approximately 3%.

I believe that not many years hence, we will look on this present terrible situation, in which Our Holy Father is branded reactionary and out of tune with the times to render such a "Galileo"-like edict, as unimportant and completely solved (as a tempest in a teapot). I am sure that Our Holy Father is acquainted with this type of work and had this in mind when he called for further research to get the final answers to this question. I had felt that he kept delaying his pronouncement until some more final research had been announced.

I feel that our time could be far better spent, instead of arguing about such matters, in trying to solve these problems of potential overpopulation, starvation, poor housing, lack of opportunity, and the like, by research for better agricultural production, cheaper and better housing, proper family limitation, education, elimination of waste, water and food from the oceans. Let's get on with these problems.

GEORGE W. FLYNN, M.D.

St. Cloud, Minn

To the Editors: William Clancy [Aug. 23] and others who say that *Humanae Vitae* renews the issue of authority and not of birth control are using the authority question as an escape from the still vital question of contraception. We need to face the fact anew that conraception is a crude form of self defense against one's own acts of love. It is called a "protection" and a "safe" form of preventing human acts from yielding their fruit.

But what do people protect them-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Critical Study of Twentieth-Century Negro American Authors

Native Sons

By Edward Margolies

"Edward Margolies in this valuable study brings sympathy, perception and an acute sense of history to his discussions of eight major Negro writers and many of lesser gifts or repute.... A writer of depth and eloquence, Margolies makes point after point worth serious reflection, and his book is fresh, sane and challenging."—*Publishers' Weekly*

Discussed are: W. E. B. DuBois, Charles Waddell Chesnutt, James Weldon Johnson, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, William Attaway, Richard Wright, Chester Himes, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison, Malcolm X, William Demby, and LeRoi Jones.
$5.95

At all bookstores **Lippincott**

selves from? Their biology? This sounds as if the generative power is a *thing* apart from the person, an object out there that is threatening one's safety and sanity. But the human generative power is built into the nature of a personally chosen act, and is not simply biological. Only the reproduction of animals is simply biological, and animal copulation is nothing more than a biological event. Though reproduction is the only purpose of copulation, man does not think it immoral to sterilize animals anymore than he thinks it immoral to kill them for food. But the conjugal act is much more than copulation and its generative power is much more than reproductive. By internally separating the conjugal act from its generative power with contraceptives, the person treats himself in a way that is proper to animals. . . .

Whenever educated, intelligent people say that the birth control issue is settled because contraception is now accepted, in spite of *Humanae Vitae*, I think of the things that have been swept under the rug. . . .

MARY R. JOYCE

Trimming Miss Daly

East Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: Get slapped in the face enough times (even by "cold waves") and something's bound to snap. Alas! Mary Daly, in her review of *Trimming the Ark* [Sept. 6], writes from beyond the limits of endurance. As: "The unreality of his (Derrick's) views on morality is apparent in the claim that Catholics who plead for accommodation in the matter of birth control . . . are seldom those who oppose modern war. No statistics are offered in support of this quaint observation." No indeed. What Mr. Derrick really said, on pages 90-94 of his book (which pages Miss Daly might profitably read) was this: Catholics who assume a "consequential" or "situational" morality as regards birth control (who "plead for" or "demand accommodation"), are most often (*not* "seldom") the very ones who *inconsistently* "oppose modern war" for reason of absolute moral principles. . . .

RONALD K. TACELLI

Classified

● **RATES 40¢ a word, 12 words minimum. Centered lines $2.40 a line. Discounts: 3 times 5%; 7 times, 10%; 13 times, 15%. Payable with order.**

Social Service

● **DIRECTOR WANTED for new demonstration economic development program for rural Indians. $15,000. Also, openings for business economists and community development specialists. *Phone:* OKLAHOMANS FOR INDIAN DEVELOPMENT, 405-JE 6-3737.**

Workshops

● **GESTALT group-encounter weekend workshops for couples, led by Esalen, experienced Christian psychologist-philosopher. *Write:* DAN SULLIVAN, Box 515, Cooper Sta., New York, N.Y. 10003.**

CLASSROOM ORDERS, 10 or more copies for any number of weeks to one address, 17¢ a copy. Free copy added for instructor or distributor on request.

INDIVIDUAL STUDENT subscriptions: one year, $6; eight months, $4; six months, $3.

COMMONWEAL, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

THE NON-VIOLENT CROSS

A Theology of Revolution and Peace

James W. Douglass

"The book traces the rise of a new vision of Christianity (or a revival of the original version) as the catalyst of peace, through Bonhoeffer, Gandhi, John XXIII and Vatican II, and outlines a bright future for the emergent theology of love."—*The Kirkus Service* $6.95

"SPEAK THAT I MAY SEE THEE!"

The Religious Significance of Language

Harold Stahmer

Studies in the works of J. G. Hamann, Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, Franz Rosenzwieg, Martin Buber and Ferdinand Ebner. "An important, yet until recently neglected, area—the religious significance of the *spoken* word. A very thought-provoking work!"
—*Library Journal* $7.95

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERIES

Ignace Lepp

Dr. Lepp analyzes the fear of death, the neuroses it can cause, and examines the reasons for suicide and the meaning of death as a function of life. A singularly illuminating book, with many clinical case studies. $5.95

THE MORALITY GAP

Paul Hanly Furfey

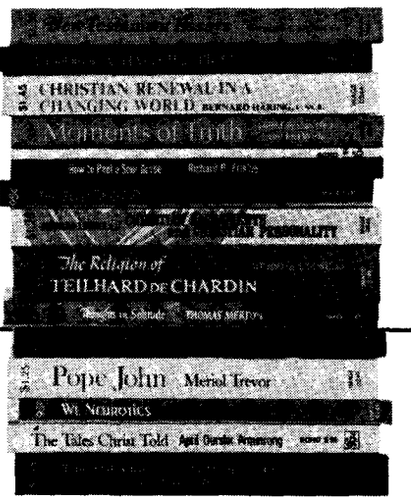
Why do modern Christians adhere to a moral code that follows popular mores rather than the Gospel? Monsignor Furfey documents the existing gap, explores ways of reinvigorating the Authentic Christian Moral Code and discusses the efficacy of non-violence.
$4.95

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
866 Third Avenue,
New York, New York 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who says you'll like the New Image and Echo Books?

The most respected reviewers, that's who!


CHRISTIAN RENEWAL IN A CHANGING WORLD
Moments of Truth
The Religion of TEILHARD DE CHARDIN
Pope John Meriol Trevor
WE NEUROTICS
The Tales Christ Told

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN AND THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST
Christopher F. Mooney, S.J.
SATURDAY REVIEW says:
"As a synthesis of Teilhard's theological insights, it probably outranks them all . . ."
D252 Orig. $6.00 $1.35

CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS AND CHRISTIAN PERSONALITY
Bernard J. Cooke, S.J.
JUBILEE says:
"A magnificent survey of the meaning of the sacraments and a profound exposition of their significance in the formation of the mature, authentic Christian." D246 Orig. $5.50 $1.25

THE RELIGION OF TEILHARD DE CHARDIN
Henri de Lubac, S.J.
NATIONAL CATHOLIC REPORTER says:
"Essential for all students of Teilhard's thought."
D242 Orig. $5.95 $1.65

MOMENTS OF TRUTH
Ed. by Dan Herr & Joel Wells
THE LOS ANGELES TIMES says:
"This is a fine collection . . . interesting and compelling stories, some of the best we have had in the 20th century . . ." D243 Orig. $4.95 95¢

CHRISTIAN RENEWAL IN A CHANGING WORLD
Bernard Häring, C.SS.R.
CATHOLIC WORLD says:
"Those seeking a guide to Christian living can do no better than to read this unusual book."
D244 Orig. $6.95 $1.45

WHAT IS THE BIBLE?
Revised Edition
Henri Daniel-Rops
SATURDAY REVIEW says:
"A very model of compact scholarship and vivid commentary. It would be hard to find a more satisfactory condensation of the historical, literary and religious significance of the Bible."
D250 Orig. $3.95 95¢

WE NEUROTICS
A Handbook for the Half-Mad
Bernard Basset, S.J.
AMERICA says:
"A funny-serious, happy-sad book for any soul — nervous or not — in search of God."
D248 Orig. $3.75 95¢

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE
Thomas Merton
AVE MARIA says:
"Those who want to bring more of the goodness and truth of the Gospel into their life in the world will find both illumination and challenge in this book." D247 Orig. $3.00 85¢

THE REED OF GOD
Caryll Houselander
CATHOLIC WORLD says:
"A book for the modern world. Here we find a Christian philosophy of love, liberty and labor . . . the secret of holiness and happiness."
D245 Orig. $2.75 95¢

POPE JOHN
Meriol Trevor
MSGR. JOHN S. KENNEDY says:
"To read her book is to breathe the true and invigorating essence of Pope John."
D249 Orig. $5.95 $1.25

NEW TESTAMENT ESSAYS
Raymond E. Brown, S.S.
THE BIBLE TODAY says:
"We recommend without qualification Fr. Raymond Brown's New Testament Essays."
D251 Orig. $5.00 $1.35

WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES
François Mauriac
THE NEW YORK TIMES says:
"Both as a novelist in the tradition of Dostoevsky and as a poet in that of Baudelaire, Mauriac deserves his present position as one of the world's greatest writers." D82 Orig. $2.25 95¢

THE TALES CHRIST TOLD
April Oursler Armstrong
LIBRARY JOURNAL says:
"Written for the general reader, it provides a fresh approach to the study of the parables . . ."
E56 Orig. $3.95 95¢

HOW TO PEEL A SOUR GRAPE
An Impractical Guide to Successful Failure
Richard P. Frisbie
AMERICA says:
"Beneath the humor is some hardhitting, nononsense discussion of what this madcap world is all about." E57 Orig. $3.95 85¢

Doubleday Image and Echo Books

At all booksellers — books for today's Catholic reader
from the publishers of THE JERUSALEM BIBLE

National Bible Week October 20-27

DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED